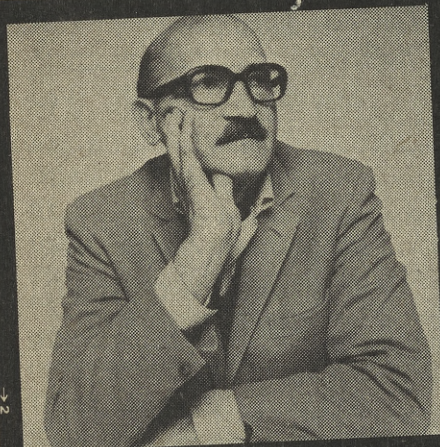


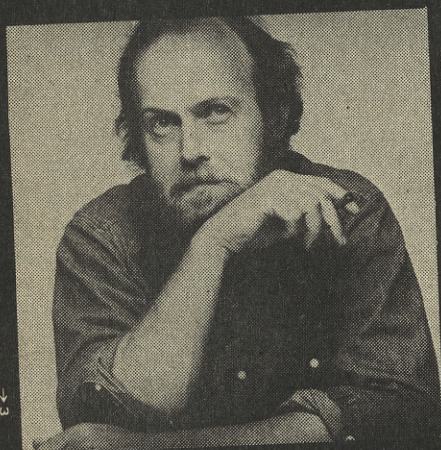
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A BEYOND BAROQUE FOUNDATION PUBLICATION
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ARTS & LETTERS



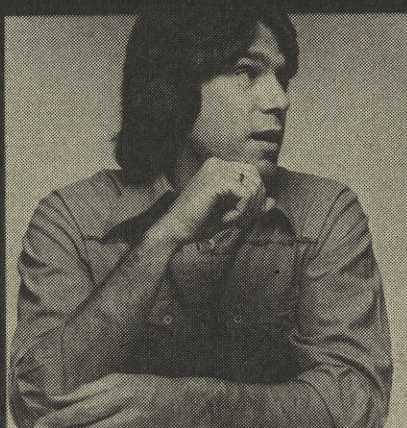
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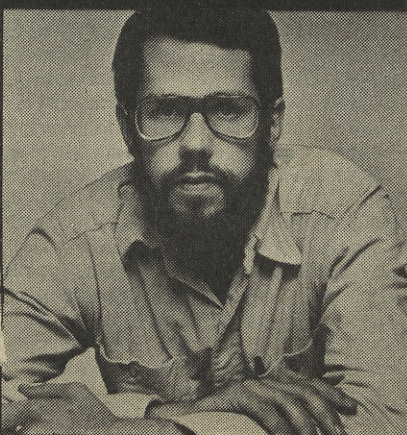


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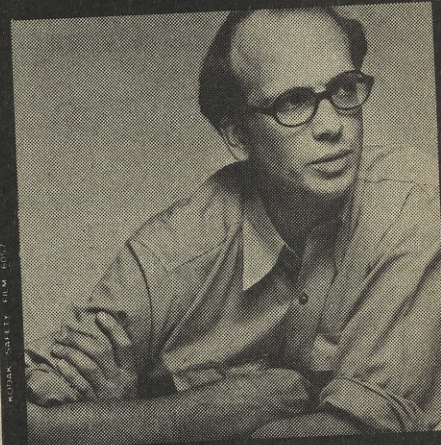
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Fri. JUNE 10, 8:00 pm
open poetry reading with
BILLY COLLINS

Sat. June 11, 1-4 pm
gallery opening & reception
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show continues thru June 30

Fri. JUNE 17, 8:00 pm
open poetry reading with
FREYA MANFRED

Fri. JUNE 24, 8:00 pm
open poetry reading with
**RON KELLY &
GERI ESTEN**

JULY

Fri. JULY 1
4th of July weekend
no reading

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JOHN DUCHAC & EXENE

Fri. JULY 15, 8:00 pm
open poetry reading with
OLIVIA SIMPSON

Fri. JULY 22, 8:00 pm
open poetry reading with
ELOISE KLEIN HEALEY

Fri. JULY 29, 8:00 pm
open poetry reading with
LOREN PAUL CAPLIN

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Fri. August 5 and 12
no readings

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open poetry reading with
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*a remark about
recent independent film
in Los Angeles ...*

*by
Grahame Weinbren*

It is not surprising that non-commercial cinema created in the capital of entertainment exhibits a peculiar relationship to the narrative cinema. Many L.A. independent filmmakers earn their livings as motion picture technicians, but find it possible to avoid the values of the entertainment industry when doing their own work as artists rather than artisans. This schizophrenic situation is bound to have an effect on the attitudes of artists, and a response adopted by many of them has been to make films examining the premises on which the fiction film rests. In this way they can acknowledge the medium's influence in their environment while still questioning its aesthetics, its morphology and its sentiments. Thus the subject-matter of L.A. experimental film has become the projected image itself, or the general notion of cinematic representation.

The question of how cinema represents reality has opened up into a broad array of concerns. Cinema is complex, and there are several directions in which an investigation of its basic components can proceed, but possible diversity is not sufficient to account for the interest with which filmmakers have become engaged in these issues. The point is that to examine cinematic representation is a way of examining representation itself, which is one of the primary functions of the human mind. Imagination, perception, judgment, and all cognitive mental acts involve one's representing something to oneself. It is nothing new, of course, for the subject-matter of art to be an aspect of

consciousness. The special feature of cinematic art is that there are parallels easily drawn between cinema's procedure of recording reality and the processes of human perception and reminiscence. The rough accuracy of sense-perception and the subjectively determined memory of it correspond to the initial developed raw camera material as opposed to the finally edited version of it with the practically unlimited scope for rearrangement. It is such parallels as this that have been pursued and exploited recently by independent filmmakers. The latest stage of these explorations involves the examination of cinematic process as a model for the mental. L.A. filmmakers take film as their subject in such a way that an investigation of its properties is metaphorically a presentation of consciousness itself.

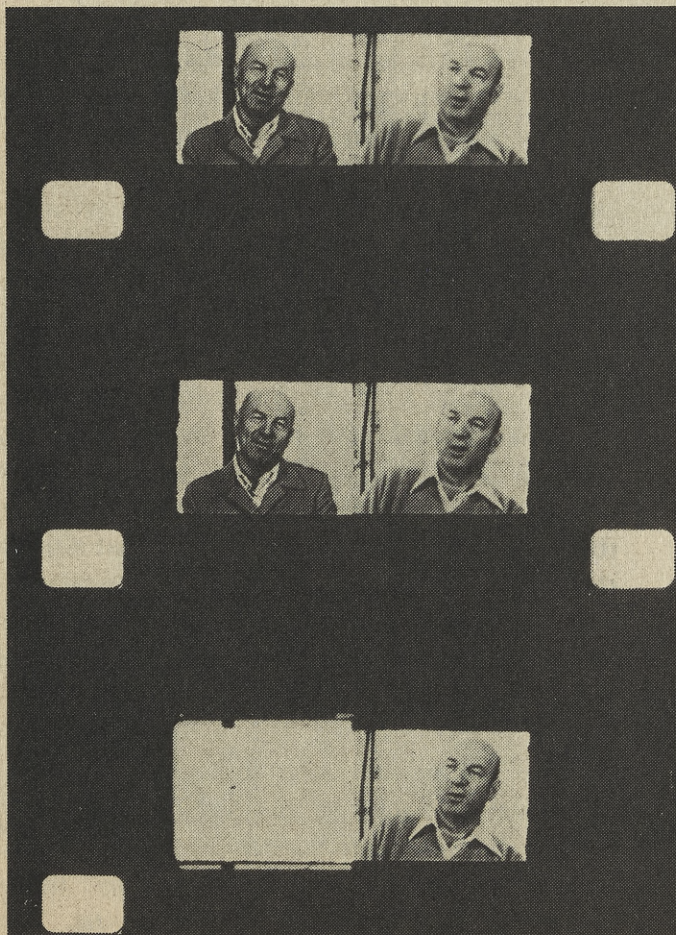
Individual filmmakers, naturally, are drawn towards different areas of the ontology of cinema: Morgan Fisher, for example, has concentrated on the processes of the production of film, David Wilson and Pat O'Neill on its methods of depicting space, Chick Strand on the semantics of its narrative composition, Jules Engel on the means of its apparent motion, and Roberta Friedman and I on its temporal premises. (It goes without saying that this list is far from exhaustive either of L.A. filmmakers in general, or of those who share these interests.) These issues, however, are no more than foundations for the work of these filmmakers, which is often rich in both craft and visual quality, as well as underlying conception.

Bertha's Children (Roberta Friedman & Grahame Weinbren)

By CATHERINE WHITNEY

Bertha's Children (1976) is not a psychological treatment of the relationships between brothers and sisters. Indeed the film may shake the consciousness which demands explanations that penetrate deeper than description. It is laced with contrasts and repetitions which alternately are perturbing and shine with lambent humor. At times the contrasts force one to become more aware of similarities, as prolonged repetition prompts one to notice slight differences which otherwise may have been unperceived. As the mind recuperates and reaches out to the film, this process becomes an odd pleasure.

Five middle-aged siblings each repeat simple actions and sentences in a small studio. They are removed from their natural environments at many levels. Not only do they look out of place with the barren floor,



From *Bertha's Children*, Roberta Friedman & Grahame Weinbren, 1977.

grey windows, and simple old chair of the room, but we are always acutely reminded of their reality as images. We hear a voice saying, "I sit down" and perceive an image of the empty chair. Repeatedly the people appear sitting down or buttoning their jackets, and in later sequences three or four siblings are projected simultaneously on a split screen. One's ordinary sense of cinematic temporality is challenged. In contrast to most feature films, which are expected to progress obviously from beginning to end, through repetition *Bertha's Children* displays a continuous present. One has little sense of the history of the five people who grew up together.

The stoic atmosphere of the studio and the simple repetitive movements and sentences complement each other, and match the strange purity of the music. In fact, electronic tones replace the sibling's brief sentences during a part of the split screen sequence. The transformation has an amusing, confusing result. As certain sounds are connected with certain faces, one's visual attention is almost determined by the rhythm and progression of sounds. The sentences wear thin and the abstract freshness of pure music seems to overwhelm the spectator's desire to view the images at leisure.

This skeletal sort of imagery and sound does not serve to give clues about the five siblings as people, and this can make one uncomfortable. One feels a reluctance to reduce images to the bare bones of perception—to simple "types" devoid of all individuality. However, this tension dissolves away, for the rather provocative techniques invite a shift in consciousness. One learns to pick out something new in each motion, and note quiet similarities between different siblings performing the same actions and voicing the same sentences. One comes close to feeling, rather than knowing, each sibling as an individual.

A progression of images creates a cinematic space much in the same sense that clocks appear to mark the progression of time. The mind functions to merge and order our perceptions from moment to moment, constructing a continuous logical sequence, rather like the frozen linearity of film. The possibilities of representation in film are endless, since virtually any image can be created. Yet somehow any permutations in what our minds expect of a normal flow of events and images seems disturbing. In *Bertha's Children* and *The Making of Americans* (1974) Friedman and Weinbren explore the notion of temporality in film. Beginning again and again superimposes a multitude of temporal sequences upon the basic unilinear structure of film. The result is a series of beginnings, and no sense of flowing to the past. The fact that it makes us uncomfortable may be an indication of our limited time sense—our supposition that real time is sufficient for the representation of all possible temporal relations among events.



chick strand

notes on romance

When I was a little girl growing up in the thirties, I didn't like the movies. Something about them scared me. They were too real. So, I never saw a Shirley Temple movie until I grew up. All the kids went to the movies and they'd come back with marvelous descriptions, but I never went with them. Finally, as I began to understand the nature of films, I gave in and went to see *Stagecoach*. The thing about it that fascinated me was that the wheels on the coach went around backwards! From then on I knew that there was something fishy about the reality of the movies, but I never stopped going.

I loved Maria Montez in *The Cobra Woman*, and Donald O'Connor in those "kids make it to Broadway" movies. Later, during the early forties, the war years when all movies were softened up to keep up good morale, I liked *Lady in the Dark*, Lena Horne in *Stormy Weather*, and the technicolor films of Betty Grable. My favorite movies, though, were romances like *Love Letters*, in which Jennifer Jones is married to an awful guy who burns the love letters he sent her when he was overseas which were really written by his friend, a youngish Joseph Cotten. While the letters burn Jennifer tries to save them, but as her drunken husband fights her (he knows that she loves the letters and not him), he is stabbed to death by her aging aunt. Jennifer gets amnesia to forget the horror of the murder, and the only thing she remembers is that someone she loved wrote her beautiful love letters. Later, Joseph meets Jennifer and of course he has always loved her because of her answers to his letters, and she falls in love with him because he sounds like the letters he wrote to her. They marry but she thinks that he loves the woman he used to write to, not knowing that she is the

woman. She is willing to give him up to this "other" woman who he's always talking about, so that he'll be happy. However, she finds out about her past, and at last he is able to tell her the truth. The film fades out while they kiss, a remarkable future of happiness ever after before them. Now, *Voyager*, another favorite tearjerker, is about a prissy Bette Davis, dominated by an old fashioned mother or aunt. Bette somehow gets to go on an ocean voyage and someone has convinced her to be herself, so she dresses up, discards her glasses and knocks us out with her new found chic. She is so beautiful that she attracts a married man, Paul Henreid. His wife is either sick or crazy, but anyway hasn't been "a wife" to him in years. Paul also has a teenage daughter who has emotional problems, is sort of homely, and needs a mother. Bette and Paul have an affair, in which he is always lighting two cigarettes at a time and giving her one as a symbol of his love and their great romance. (I started smoking cigarettes right after seeing that film.) Finally they are parted because it is sinful. But, his love with Bette is so pure that she gets to shape up the daughter and make her beautiful and charming and the film ends with Bette telling Paul that although they can't be together, what they had was almost religious because they are now doing the right thing by sacrificing each other and besides his daughter will be a part of them forever since he conceived her and Bette moulded her. This is the complete love sacrifice and an alternative to happy ever after. A combination of the two in which the woman gets the man but must sacrifice her career and freedom is another alternative played usually by Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford or Ida Lupino. These



Chick Strand; From **Mujer de los Milfuegos** (Woman of the Thousand Fires), 1976.

women are always liberated, free, powerful, shrewd, remarkably witty, chic, intelligent and educated. They are the fighters for full womanhood, the survivors who can take it or leave it or have it both ways, at least until they meet the right man and give it all up for the promise of happiness ever after.

So, what was fishy about the movies and what I understood then about the nature of films was that they weren't exactly true, wheels don't really go around backwards! What I didn't understand was how the values and morals shown in them were a prototype for me and other girls about human nature and what would be normal and expected from life as we became women. When I was a growing girl, I believed that romantic love was like the films, that it was inevitable in my life, that it was forever romantic, good and true. The film always ended with a total commitment of the two lovers finally united, or the sacrificial exit of one or the other for rarified, more "moralistic" causes or the giving up of a career and independence because a man's life "was more important" (There always was that little teaser though that the damn fool was unable to do it on his own). So, you could maybe have a career before the marriage or have one after the love was sacrificed. My hope as a young girl was always that some day the prince would come and stay forever. I always felt superior to men because they needed women and women were so good that they'd help a man. But, I thought the reward would be the ever after part which seemed to me to be so secret, so wonderful that they couldn't show it and couldn't express it so films never portrayed it. It was like a present for when you grew up, the adults didn't want to spoil it for the young ones by giving away the beautiful knowledge. I guess I was sort of stupid, trusting them after the Santa Claus and tooth fairy rip offs.

With this vision of the ultimate woman's role and reward, girls my age drifted into womanhood, expecting at seventeen to find John Garfield or Cary Grant in the soul of our high school sweetheart or a glamorous career before the ultimate marriage. We were even willing to settle for a sacrificial exit as long as it was romantic. But looking for the breathless and sacred romance led many of us (without the benefit of the pill in those days) to

accept an early marriage. We were too impatient, too unprepared for a career, so we married and bore children as a matter of course. As we picked up dirty socks and washed smelly diapers, we dreamed of the protective, tough but sensitive, always in awe of us, males like Gable, Bogart and Tyrone Power. After all, that's what we'd been led to expect. The old dreams of romance ever after began to fade. When we began to look at our own lives, the disappointment that there was no joy in these routine child marriages and in youthful child bearing, we realized that we'd never been prepared to recognize what really brought joy to ourselves, that we'd never been prepared to love anyone or believe in ourselves. However, we had hints that there were golden rings to catch in real life. Luckily for me I caught and examined these possibilities which were even more romantic than anything Hollywood could come up with. One of my favorite real people heroines was Amelia Earhart, flying through space and light, courageous and independent, highly skilled, a poet, an inventor, an adventurer, keenly determined to do as she wished and with a true heart.

We had traded the possibilities these real visions could hold for us away for a pseudo adulthood. We cheated ourselves out of the experiences needed for a mature and joyful life. We denied ourselves the real joy and pride of womanhood and motherhood that could coincide with the independence of our spirits. For those of us who accepted and stayed with our youthful mistakes, we gave up freedom for some sort of martyrdom, and never knew the difference and just plodded along. Some of us felt the pull and freed ourselves to be ready for what really happens after the last clinch on the screen, the secret that had been kept from us. The secret was that we are left with ourselves, and it's only ourselves who make the visions and fulfill them. It is the image of the elasticity, tenacity and majesty of the human spirit that is the true romance for me. I'm not interested in dealing with abstractions, mathematical probabilities and optical illusions. I'm disheartened and bored with art games and cynical hipness. I look always for the secret life, the inner self struggling without cultural patina toward the surrealistic truth.

SOME WORDS/

by Amy C. Halpern

I am talking about a specific cinema. It could be called a cinema of dream images, because it does not use the eyes in the same way that practical vision does. Usually the eyes function as the primary tool that we, the human beast, use to recognize food, acquaintances, bodily dangers and to make moving around possible. But in modern life it becomes less and less necessary to concentrate on these matters. Since most people live in non-mobile homes, constant locations, most don't go looking nightly for cover. Food is available in supermarkets and does not need to be hunted for every day. Supplying these necessities seldom requires energy from all the faculties, and so the senses are free to ramble. They could begin to work at expanding their perception. But this is dangerous to the static condition of the world, and this static condition is advantageous to persons of certain financial aspirations.

It is to the advantage of those who can afford to use certain media tools for control of the public, and these can have a very deleterious affect of the free will. By setting trends and leading societal pressures they can teach the lesson of fear. Ingenious ways of breaking character are skillfully devised whenever any new ideas seem to be exciting a lot of thought. T.V. and radio serve nicely. They can effectively establish what values shall be prevalent. The patterns of thought on which they are programmed direct the attention of the people who permit it to a few levels of daily life, and ignore the rest. "Current events" and psychological "human interest stories" are not the only live wires to tune to, and yet they are the construct that most people accept as their reality. This tiny, complete conglomeration of concepts can effectively obscure to the senses and intelligence the richness of first-hand experience; immersion in a simple tre-

mendous moment, like hearing the low rumble of a passing plane, while bending very far over, stretching to the small of the back, to tie one's shoes, while feeling one's stomach growl to the smell of baking bread.

My interest is in a cinema that involves the spectator on the most immediate level—direct experience with no intermediary, i.e., first-person cinema. It speaks on a visceral level, and at best energizes the viewer to improvise on his own moments; to constantly alter his experience of the same simple things in his life by moving from one position of parallax to another, and thus to widen his vision.

There is a film art that seeks to do this, but it meets with great opposition. This comes both from those with the lack of energy to check out something new, and those who know well to suppress it.

By refocusing the attention to aspects usually taken for granted or ignored, these aspects may be transformed from the mundane to the extraordinary, but the eyes must work. They can be led to exercise, like the muscles of the body.

First they must be sensitized, for instance by exposure to an unaccustomed duration of time with a seemingly barren image. This usually meets with resistance, but there are such exciting vistas on the other side that it is worth it. This could be a long shot of a desert horizon, with time in which the eye would begin to wander for lack of any other action. Since the image has been identified immediately, the eyes are no longer called upon to interpret. After a moment (usually of impatience), through the organ's natural restlessness, the eyes begin to improvise. They try to perceive the image differently. Perhaps the sense of depth disappears and the image then reads as a flat design, of areas of dark and light shapes. Then maybe the image will be interpreted abstractly, the dark spots read as receding space and the light ones advancing. The eyes might fall into a pattern of movement about the frame, flying around as if they were a body located in the space depicted. Or the eyes might riff on the texture, sliding over it and feeling it as if the eyes were skin. Or the eyes might find after roving a satisfying vista in space and settle on it and rock there for a while. These are the eye games of infants which we are

conditioned not to indulge in, and come to forget. It takes a practiced eye to appreciate them. This is not possible for one clinging tensely to a single practical interpretation (of reality).

Later, when the eyes are practiced and ripe, when image is followed by image, they become apparently coherent in new articulations. Unexpected lines of development arise which may lead the mind down unused pathways. Adventures are now possible in terms in which the viewer was previously not conversant—except in moments of delirium and of meditation. They have also occurred, perhaps, in infancy. Babies are cognizant, even if their comprehension is not in the terms of the child and the adult. Their experience must be abstract, as they have no means by which to identify and define it; and it must be intense. The full impact of the newness of a moment is not diminished by quick categorization. Because their vision is as yet unfocused, objects are simplified to various bulks; shapes are monumentalized.

A cinema is possible, and practiced, even in this city, capital of the movies, with the absent patron saints—stripped of the specifics of time, place and situation in society, and refined to its essence. In it these simple, unused sensations are orchestrated by classic dramatic law. This is fertile medium for growth of mind.

By a feature unique to the film medium (i.e. that a still image may be moved, either by moving the camera or in editing the footage), the eyes of the viewer, the point of perspective, may be moved, and the sensation may be so strong that it is bodily felt. This is something more purely sensual than commercial film. This is a different use of the eyes. Here they are used as a pronoun, I, to dance and play, to swoon, and to be permitted to swoon. An animal alert for danger cannot afford concentration in this direction.

This is film as a chamber art: it can involve a group, sitting in a shared darkness, in an intimate experience. The spell of the fragile construction in three dimensions comes into being in the way that a classical stage magician may weave a spell of hands; and this can float a semi-solid form in space that the gestures carve in depth, and establish forms in the air that linger and float, and then disperse like smoke.

REFLECTIONS: Graphic Choreography

by Jules Engel

My aim is to discover and not to solve problems. It is to find things that you didn't know existed!

My concern is not so much with texture as with shapes of all kinds in their multiplicity, their relationships and their capacity for metamorphosis—the way forms are related and made dynamic through motion.

The emphasis, then, is on the development of a visual dynamic language, independent of literature and theatrical traditions, demonstrating that pure graphic choreography is capable of its own wordless truth.

The approach to my films is intuitive and structured—I am always aware that the film I am doing is a search for graphic art, not by mathematical formulas but by visual trial and error. It is a process of discovery.

The inspiration can come from many sources—however, for me to rely on music is wrong—I prefer to do my graphic choreography straight from my own instinct and emotions.

I often get ideas from “time,” “rhythm” and “structure” from paintings, sculpture, dance performance (Martha Graham, Merce Cunningham, Balanchine)—and sometimes “conversational” rhythm—such was the case when I saw “Uncle Vanya.”

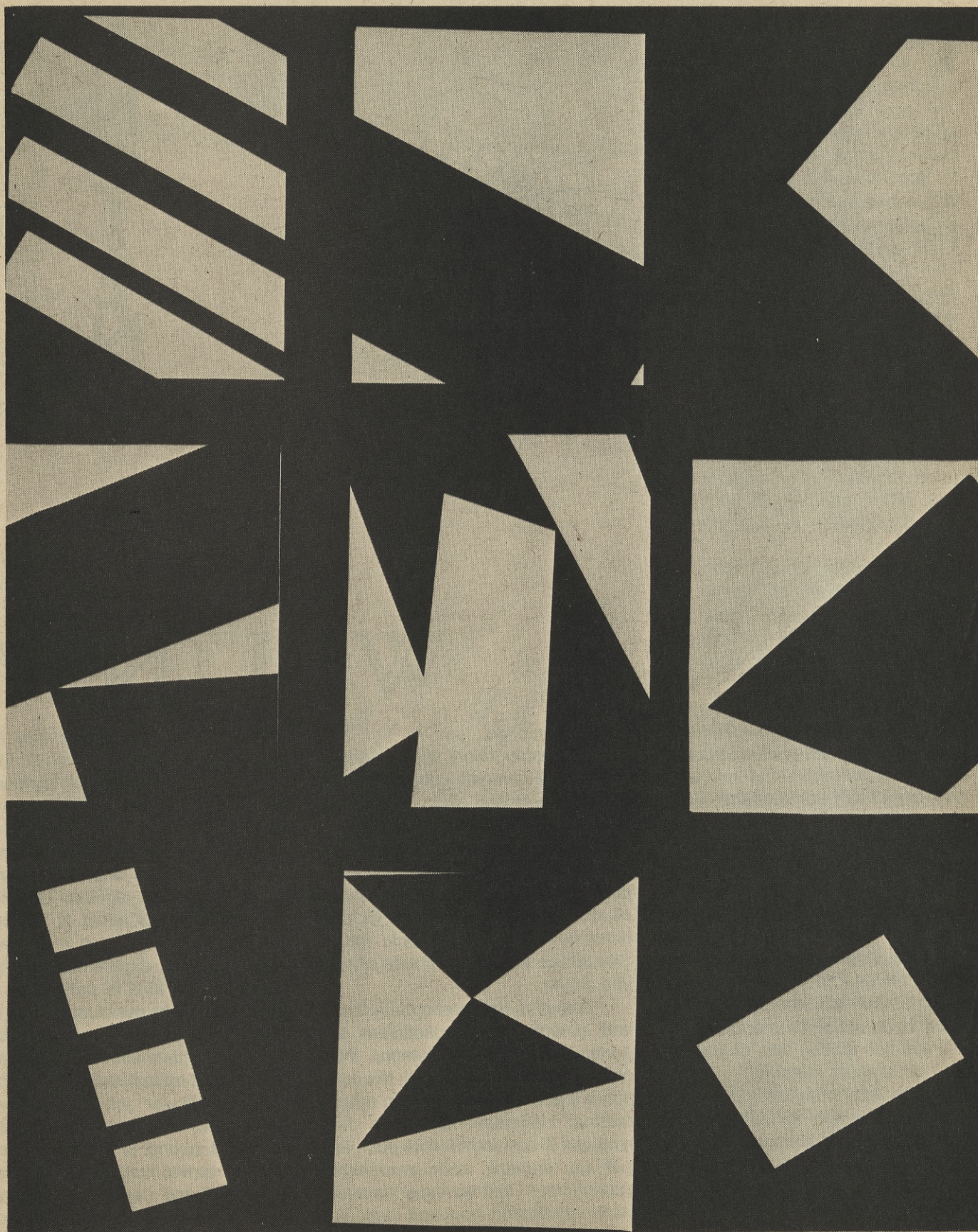
I do not look for any kind of narrative that would lend itself to a graphic expression. I must convey ideas through movements that could not be put into words.

Although my work is largely intuitive, as from one movement into another, it is important that the finished film should have the presence of a “total” piece.

Abstract film is a language that speaks directly to the eye—and to the feelings, as does dance; they are both visual arts.

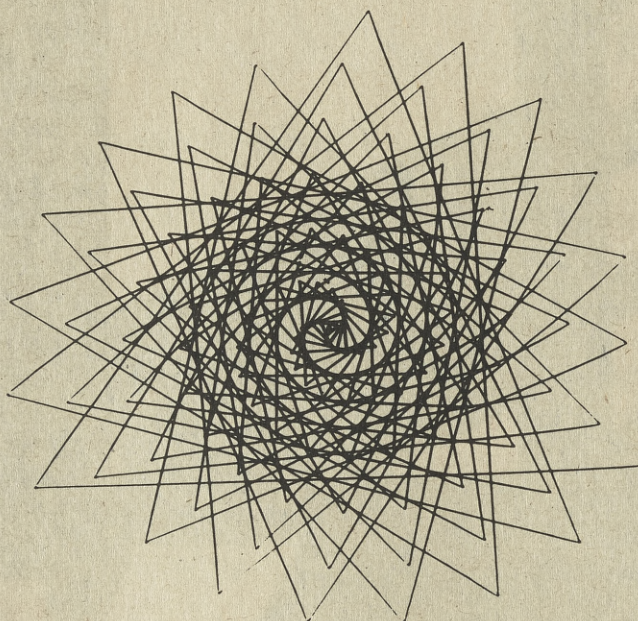
There are limitless possibilities in an abstract film that are well choreographed—compared to the restrictions of either the classical ballet or the modern dance where the former's concern is “away from the earth” to the latter's concern, “the ground.”

Abstract film has a splendid opportunity to exploit space and time choreography. Composing in space; composing for space; infinite space; expanding and diminishing forms; disintegration of forms; flow of movement; simultaneous rhythm; instant present; forms that interpenetrate; successive transformable and ephemeral forms to disappear and then reform in an infinite progression; arrested motion; slow motion; fragmented images; the surface of the screen; exterior rhythm; cubist composition.



Jules Engel; Rumble, 1974.

FIRE
WORKS



ANCIENT
& MODERN

JOHN

WHITNEY

I'd like to show how well computer graphics and harmonic pattern are suited for each other, and show how useful this compatibility can be for employing the computer to charm the eye.

To begin—let's consider the manner by which composers for centuries have used harmonic "force" to attract and hold the attention and otherwise charm the ear. Next I will describe a similar form of visual "force" which has been made possible by computer graphics.

We can quickly test an elementary dynamic of harmony by halting one note before the last note of any nursery song—we sense (even the child senses) the incompleteness of the melody. For that matter, just sing do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti, and observe how strongly 'ti' begs to be fulfilled by 'do' which is the octave above the

starting tonic 'do'.

Harmonic theory and practice in music is a complex subject burdened with conflicting attitudes and prejudices which change each generation. But we need only appreciate the above simple demonstration of the power within a nursery tune to realize all we need to know about musical harmony. *In truth, harmonic forces give shape to our experience of past and future.*

Sound a few appropriate tones and automatically expectations are generated within the listener. With occasional spectacular skill, the composer leads us along his own unique musical pathway—rather, his cunning use of harmonic forces push and pull us, creating such unexpected expectations, that we experience ecstatic exaltation now and then. Yet harmonic force is not all that mys-

terious. We can speculate why the sound of 'ti' urges us on to 'do'.

It is characteristic of harmonic phenomena, visual, aural or otherwise, to show this kind of pattern. As patterns go, the illustration (shown facing) is perhaps explicit in a way that is even more obvious than the aural leading-tone affect of 'ti' upon 'do'. Eye and ear, each in its own unique manner, experiences the dynamics of this kind of pattern as an event in time—as punctuation—as an arrival or departure. When we arrive at 'do', the octave above the tonic 'do' we hear that rudimentary relationship with a particular infallibility. If we sample ascending steps of the scale, the ear is bound to sense the final event of arrival just as the eye can see arrival and departure relationships in the illustration. I might add that these relationships are many



ERRATA:
Line 11 in *Details of the World* should read,
"you, an actress still, commuting, your blood sluiced..."
Pay Attention Poetics should be read in the following
order: p. 49, 54, 53, 52, 51, 50, 55. (See Pay Attention
Page Numbering in our next issue).

times more explicit when seen as a motion picture sequence, and experienced as a development in time.

In terms of visual perception, purely a corollary to aural responses, we have here a phenomena of hierarchical distribution and classification of elements into an array in which all are ranked according to some perceptual scale of complexity. No need to argue which pattern is more "consonant" than the other. For generating dynamic patterns there is an order-disorder principle or a consonant-dissonant principle to work with. It is a principle which can be exploited in more ways than one might expect to give meaningful order to temporal development. It becomes a composer's valid strategy, probably the first strategy to be defined and applied in the brief history of the art of computer graphics.

Finally, it is worth remarking that the illustration for this article could not have been created by conventional drawing techniques. At least it would be quite difficult. Moreover, it would be impossible to re-animate the films from which the illustrations were derived. Each of the films required thousands of drawings while the computation for animating is staggering. Thus the computer is the ultimate and the only tool for visualizing the dynamic world of sonic functions. This may serve to illustrate the point that this new world of visual art cannot be compared with any previous traditional arts (see *Art International*, Vol. xv, 7, Sept., 1971).

It should be of particular interest to realize that computer graphics—15 year old infant—is patently capable of bringing forth a totally different kind of visual experience as cheap and riotously enjoyable—more intensive than the Chinese or Christian invention of fireworks. An earlier version of this article appeared in *Interface*, in May, 1976.

FIRE WORKS

JOHN

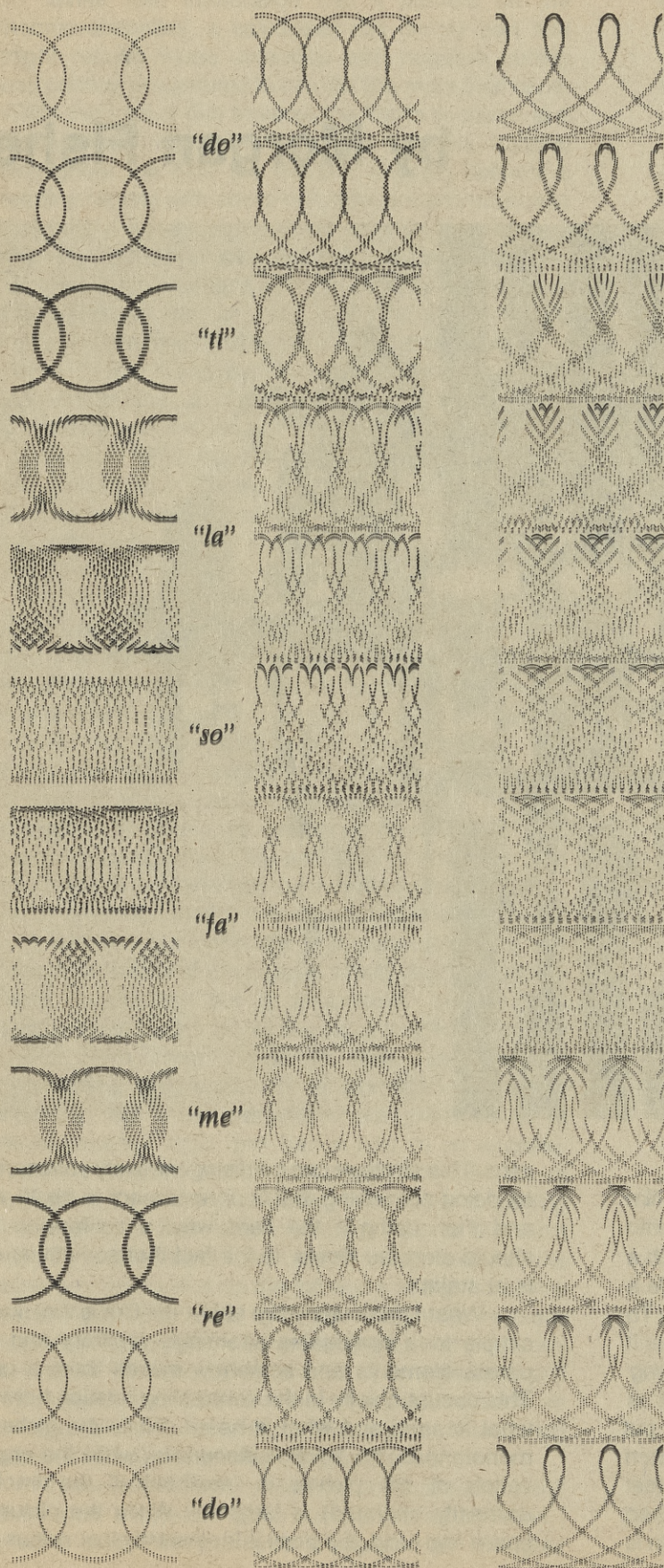
I'd like to show how well computer graphics and harmonic patterns are suited for each other, and how useful this compatibility can be for employing the computer to create the eye.

To begin—let's consider the manner by which composers of centuries have used harmonic "force" to attract and hold the attention and otherwise charm the ear. Next I will describe a similar for visual "force" which has been made possible by computer graphics.

We can quickly test an elementary dynamic of harmony by hearing one note before the last note of a nursery song—we sense (even a child senses) the incompleteness of the melody. For that matter, just do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti, and observe how strongly 'ti' begs to be fulfilled by 'do' which is the octave above the

harmonic force is not all that mysterious.

ships in the illustration. I might add that these relationships are many



times more explicit when seen as a motion picture sequence, and experienced as a development in time.

In terms of visual perception, vaguely a corollary to aural responses, we have here a phenomena of hierarchical distribution and classification of elements into an array in which all are ranked according to some perceptual scale of complexity. No need to argue which pattern is more "consonant" than another. For generating dynamic pattern here is an order-disorder principle or a consonant-dissonant principle to work with. It is a principle which can be exploited in more ways than one might expect to give meaningful order to temporal development. It becomes a composer's valid strategy; probably the first strategy to be so defined and applied in the brief history of the art of computer graphics.

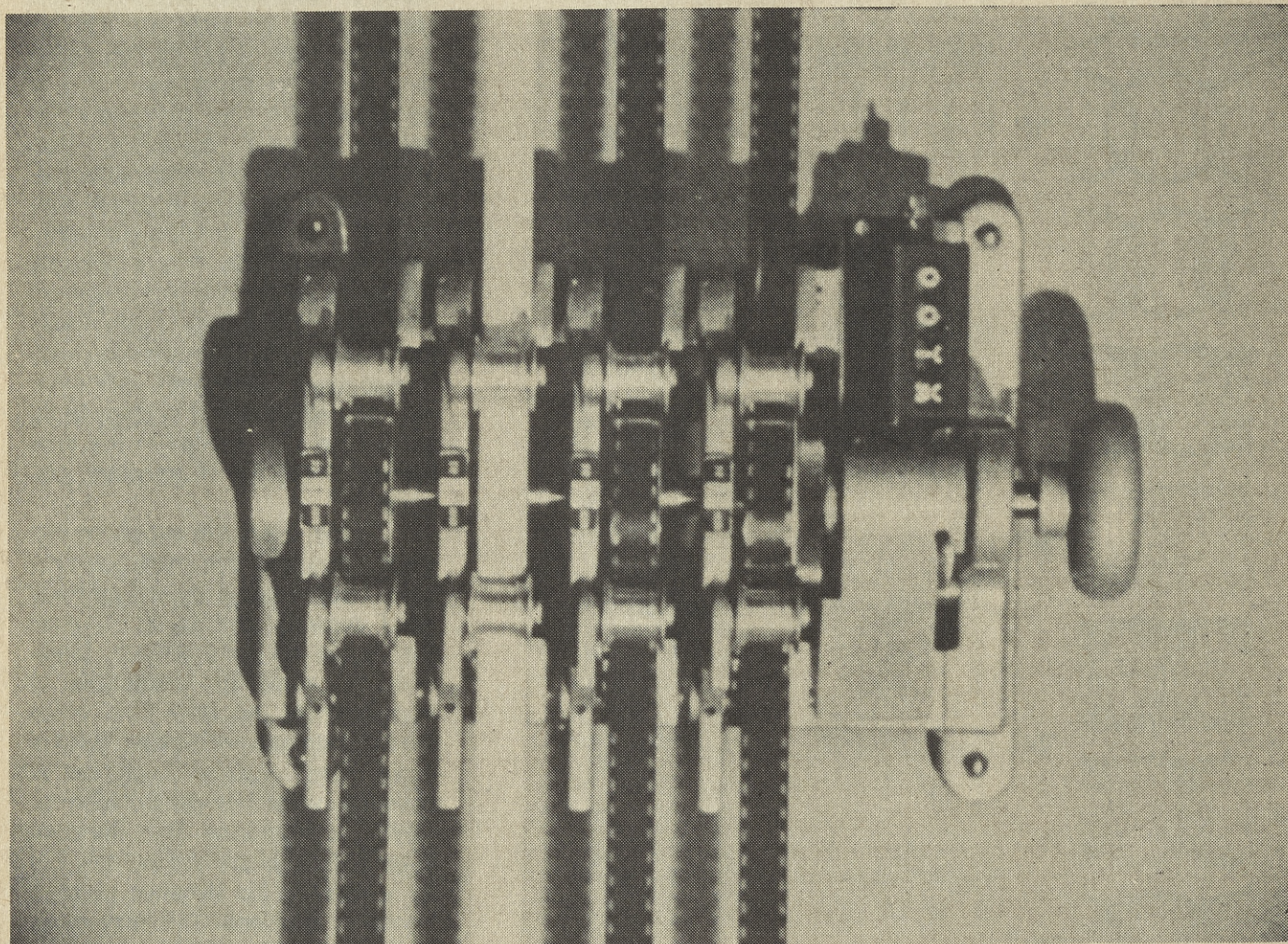
Finally, it is worth remarking that the illustration for this article could not have been created by conventional hand drawing techniques. At least that would be quite difficult. Moreover, it would be impossible to hand-animate the films from which the illustrations were derived. Each of these films required thousands of drawings while the computation for plotting is staggering. Thus the computer is the ultimate and the only tool for visualizing the dynamic world of harmonic functions. This may serve to illustrate the point that this new world of visual art cannot be confused with any previous traditional forms (see *Art International*, Vol. xv, no. 7, Sept., 1971).

It should be of particular interest to realize that computer graphics—this 15 year old infant—is patently capable of bringing forth a totally different kind of visual experience as unique and riotously enjoyable—much cheaper—more energy/materials intensive than the Chinese pre-Christian invention of fireworks.

An earlier version of this article appeared in *Interface*, in May, 1976.

CUE ROLLS

by Morgan Fisher



From *Cue Rolls*, 5½ minutes, 1974.

Cue Rolls is based on a very simple idea. The film depicts the result of breaking down a single shot into separate pieces and then printing the pieces in such a way that the continuity of the shot is restored, while a narration explains the procedure that was followed. To hint at one of the film's paradoxes, though, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it is a *seeming* continuity, or an *aspect* of the continuity that is restored. A piece of film is fragmented and then put back together without gain or loss, at least when considered only by quantitative standards, such as feet and frames. To put it more abstractly, what is analyzed is synthesized. The net difference in the transaction is

zero. This strategy can be disingenuously summarized as doing something that is unnecessary to begin with, and then doing it the hard way, a confession that should alert the viewer to the fact that something else is at stake.

What I particularly like about the film is that such a simple idea conjugates seemingly arbitrary and disparate elements and somehow makes them a unity. This occurs chiefly in the contrasting relation between what is seen and what is heard. While the picture is monotonous, the track is discursive; while the organization of the picture is 'mechanical' the track (I earnestly intended) is 'organic'. While the picture is spare and lucid, the track is incessantly loquacious and

so dense with information that it borders on the incomprehensible, a calculated risk on my part that might require those unfamiliar with negative cutting and printing procedures to see the film more than once. While the rolls of film traverse the frame in unison at a mechanically regulated rate that remains uniform throughout the film, the narrator (myself) delivers a reading replete with errors in judgement and execution that only a human being could commit. I am content with my performance, whatever its shortcomings, because it is consistent with the scheme of opposites that pervades the film. My tolerance of the track's inadequacies also hints at the fact, if it doesn't certify or 'prove' it, that it was performed synchronously, at the time of shooting, an unnecessary complication entirely in keeping with the idea of doing things the hard way. So, despite strict necessity and appearance, picture and sound are literally a unity. The reliability of machinery is juxtaposed with a fallible human performer who is given only one chance to do it right, and once started must carry through to the end.

I relish the irony that in its tone and method *Cue Rolls* has something of the character of an educational film. The narration is indeed relentlessly informative about certain technical subjects, but this information is in a sense displaced from the film's true subject. It is *anterior* to the subject, since knowledge of this information is necessary to understand the significance of what is shown. As a deliberate strategy, the true subject of the film is never named or alluded to. It is certainly not cue rolls. The narration can be thought of as a preface to something that remains undescribed, or as an extended footnote to a text that is undisclosed.

The film is a collection of opportunities declined. This is most true of the picture, which could have been more 'interesting' but is deliberately not so. The segments of leader are all the same length, when they could have been varied in accordance with a geometrical progression or a Fibonacci series, for example, but these paradigms are governed by a developmental logic and hence had to be avoided. Random lengths would also have run the risk of appearing too striking. Similarly, the pattern for shifting the segments from one roll to the next is the most routine and obvious one that I could imagine, the minimum required to do the job and nothing more. The visual field is shallow and flat. Within its hermetic confines the few elements are arranged with a rigorous symmetry. The shot is dominated by straight lines and right angles, the epitome of the mechanistic outlook, an orthogonal view of an artifice. The original sin in motion pictures: a talky track and a penurious shot.

In keeping with the uniformity of visual texture and emphasis, a devotion to the bland and unexceptional, I tried to match the background paper to an 18% gray

card, the control tonality that is used to determine photographic exposure. It occupies the middle of the gray scale. It is the average or composite of all tones, that is, no one tone in particular. It is without character, uncommitted, a neutral.

But ultimately all this backhandedness leads in an oblique and roundabout way to the heart of the film. Ending up back where you started does in fact get you somewhere, but beyond that the process of fragmenting film only to put it together again opens out on two prospects. It is necessary to do something unnecessary in order to bring the viewer to the point where these prospects reveal themselves. One of them revolves around the relation between the frame, whose colossally magnified shadow is seen on the screen, and the strip of film that contains the frame. The first is 10 millimeters wide, the second 16 millimeters. But despite the difference in scale there is a coincidence of information between the two. Whenever a schematic cut occurs within the image there is at that same point the evidence of the actual splice, paradoxically congruent with it but simultaneously occurring at a vastly greater scale. The images within the frames dictate the physical nature of the celluloid ribbon that manifests them, although they are displaced from it in time, scale, and substance.

The other prospect introduces multiple and shifting tenses. Films seldom call attention to the disjunction in time between the moment when they are shot and the moment when they are seen, at least as a conscious strategy. The procedure that *Cue Rolls* follows compels an awareness of this lapse, and goes on to distinguish two levels within it. At the time of shooting the narration describes an intermediate future when technical operations will be performed on the picture elements, and then speculates on the appearance of the film in the still more distant future, when the finished film will be seen by an audience. The perspective of the audience shifts this more remote future to the present. What was formerly the intermediate future has become the perfect, and the original present has become the pluperfect.

Cue Rolls is a film that openly courts scepticism by committing itself to certain suspect premises: mechanicalness, impersonality, disproportion, misdirection, verbosity, redundancy, obscurity and monotony. Nonetheless the film triumphs by demonstrating how inevitable these choices really are; a procession from the arbitrary to the necessary, from perversity to decorum.

* * *

This article was originally prepared for a program note when *Cue Rolls* was shown at the Whitney Museum of American Art in May, 1976; slightly revised, December, 1976.

3 FILMS

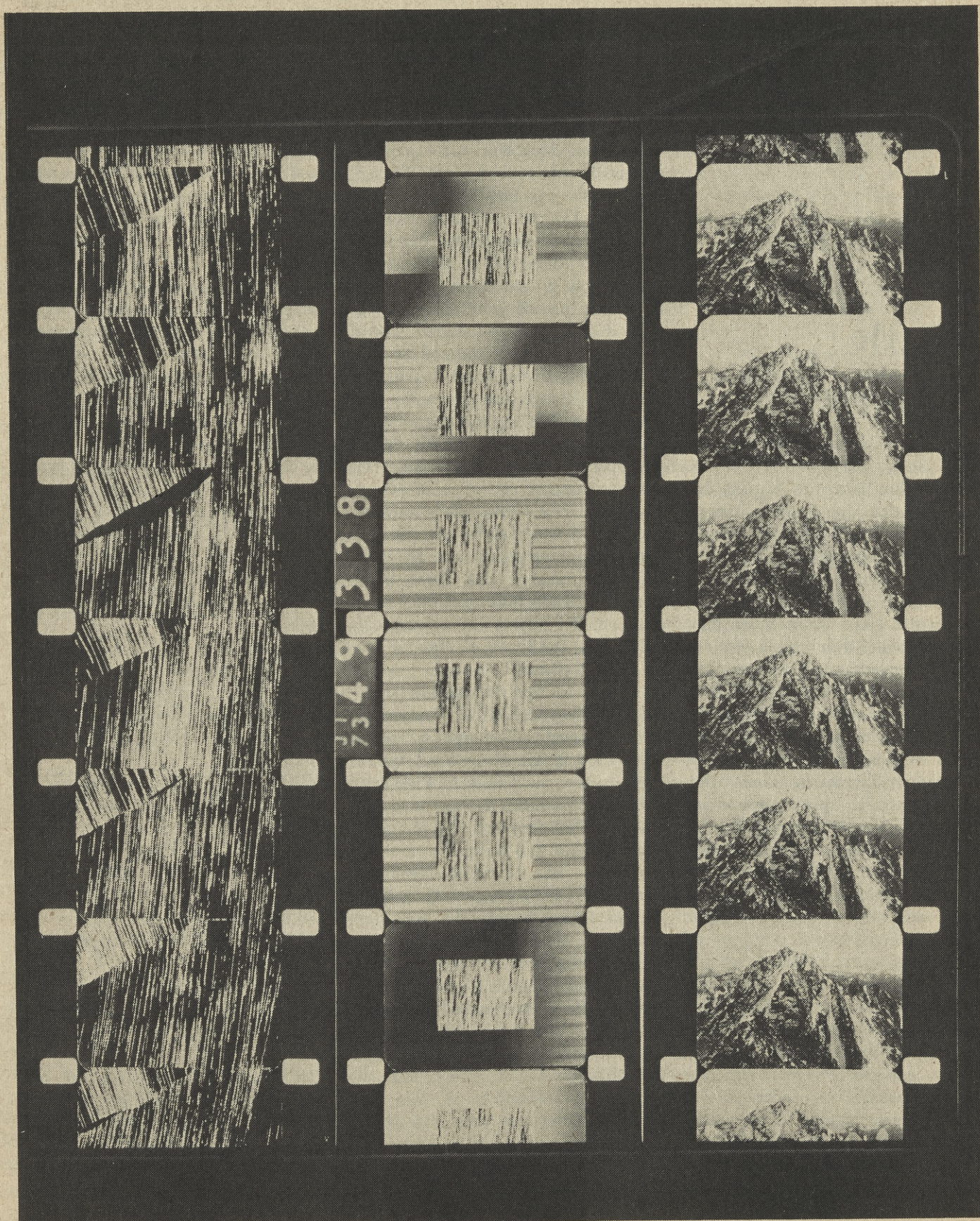
David Wilson

Film, due to the combination of photographic believability and motion, is uniquely suited to represent space. More than any other form, film can create believable spatial realities—an interesting paradox considering the final resting place of film, the screen, is so uncompromisingly flat. But importantly, filmic space is created in the mind of the viewer. We as viewers are experts in transforming the two-dimensional field of the screen into believable space. Suspension of disbelief is an automatic function when dealing with filmic space.

The concern with the function of space in film is anything but an idle and unconnected aesthetic concern. As I see it, the representation of space is among the most powerful elements in the filmmaker's repertoire in that there is a direct connection between sense of space and state of mind. Artists for millennia have been aware of the relationship between quality of space and state of consciousness. Film, given its unique ability to represent space, is a very valuable tool in the development of perceptual consciousness.

I have observed that my recent work has concerned itself more and more with the possibilities of representing qualities of space in film. *Saturn Cycle* with its three sections began my exploration of space. The Fall and Spring sections employ matted animated forms which spatially contradict the live action elements. The Winter section, using a more complicated system of matted images, creates spatial realities by apparently placing one image in front of another. *Stasis* combines a zoom—out camera shot of a stream in Western Colorado with a complementary optical printer zoom—in creating the effect of stasis—stillness in motion. One sees in the relatively static frame a gradual change in the quality of space in the landscape.

Presence of Mind, the most recent of my films, deals less with physical space and more with psychological or mental space. The film is simply a series of shots of people and their surroundings. Some of the shots are synchronous sound, some are non-synchronous sound, some are silent and some are just sound without picture. My experience is that synchronous sound situations create a mental reality or presence which is greater than the sum of its parts. In other words, the synchronous combination of picture and sound forms a spatial reality which is uniquely present. *Presence of Mind* deals with variations of this spatial presence created by sync sound film.



From David Wilson's **Saturn Cycle**, 15 minutes, 1974.

OBSERVERS OBSERVED: An interview with Bill Moritz by Beverly O'Neill

O'NEILL: What were the first experimental movies you saw?

MORITZ: I'm not sure but...it depends on what you consider experimental. I first saw Norman McLaren's work when I was a child and UPA cartoons. To some extent those were experimental, things like *Blinkety Blank* which I saw almost when they first came out. I didn't think of those things as experimental because they were animation. However when I think of Lenica and Borowczyk in the context of traditional animation, clearly their work is closer in sensibility to independent filmmaking. Some UPA things were also quite astounding, artists like John Whitney and Jules Engle were seriously trying to introduce a modern art awareness to a general audience. Actually, the first time I say movies which I thought of in a whole special category as being experimental was probably at the Coronet Theater. My older brother used to take me there. This was in the fifties, and Raymond Rohauer ran two showcases, both the Coronet and the Riveria Capri. He had his own collection of silent classics up to the latest vanguard films and he used to show all the West Coast filmmakers like Fischinger, Anger and Whitneys.

O'NEILL: Stan Brakhage was his pro-

jectionist, right?

MORITZ: Right! Rohauer pioneered a repertory cinema idea showing a different program every other day so that within a week you could see *Grande Illusion*, *Intolerance*, a lot of dance films, *Shoeshine*, and a program of 5 or 6 underground films. When I first saw the experimental films I was horrified. I would see things...I'm not sure if this is the exact title, but some wonderful name like *Submission*, which was a psycho-drama by a filmmaker named John Schmidt, or John Heinz; and this fellow was a Peeping Tom who wandered around with a cross in his hand, looking in people's windows and eventually was found naked strolling into the water to drown. I saw the cross slowly disappear in the water. Then there was an animated version of *Journal of Albion Moonlight* in a Kim Deitch drawing style, by Chester Kessler who also had been the cameraman on Kenneth Anger's *Fireworks*. All these films were so radically different from everything else I'd seen.

O'NEILL: Did D. W. Griffith used to go to the Coronet?

MORITZ: No that was at Clara Grossman's gallery called The American Contemporary Gallery, which was on Hollywood Blvd., where the Artisan's Patio is now, next door to Pickwick. She ran a film series during the forties when Griffith lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel just down the street a few blocks. She ran all the films she could get from the Museum of Modern Art, plus local people like Man Ray who lived here then, the Whitneys and Fischinger, etc. Griffith came down and watched everybody's movies. The Whitneys used to wonder who the quiet man was who came all the time and they found out the night Griffith's films ran. They had all entered the kingdom of film art together. Of course there were other series at that time: Kenneth Anger ran a group called Creative Film Associates; and Paul Ballard had the Ballard Film Society. Wally Berman and Bob

Pike used to show movies in the late 50's at the old Ferus Gallery. Berman's films were particularly interesting to me as they were based on Cabbalistic mysticism and consisted of lovely multi-layered imagery, some hand-painted. Before Pike went into the distribution business, his Creative Film Society used to screen films. Eventually the Coronet closed as Rohauer went to N. Y. to curate films for Huntington Hartford. It's too bad he left since his personal collection was astonishing. I remember a reel he had of Charlie Chaplin rushes, doing a routine in a bowling alley and you could see in the successive takes the way he perfected his comic style. I don't know if Rohauer kept prints of these or not, but I remember seeing the original version of *Puce Moment* with someone like Grace Moore singing an aria on the sound track, and the original version of *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* with Harry Partch's soundtrack, both of which seem in memory to be better than the current tracks.

O'NEILL: Then in the early sixties there was Movies-Around-Midnight which was a private club at the Cinema Theater where a little tasteful eroticism was mixed in with the experimental.

MORITZ: That's right. I think one of the turning-points there was Anger's *Scorpio Rising* which was busted for pornography and there was a long court case in the early sixties. But if one had a private screening society then films couldn't be censored or so.

O'NEILL: Who did the programming?

MORITZ: John Fles and later Mike Getz ran the circuit called Underground Cinema 12, which was nationwide.

O'NEILL: It was interesting to see the audience at midnight, almost every poet in town, painters, Wally Berman, George Herms, the Single Wing Turquoise Bird Light Show members. All the literati; it was one of the greatest audiences in Los Angeles.

history, always faithful to those Saturday evenings. Jack and Ruth Hirschman used to come and they were so glamorous. She was very Jeanne Moreau-like in those days, elegant hats, all decked out, while he was half-open and lumpy. They always got their seats two minutes after the screening began. She would smoothly teleport down the aisle while he slowly loped behind her carrying a beer can in a paper bag.

MORITZ: Oh yes, the audience was very vocal but sensitive. There were always big arguments over the difficult films, especially during the Brakhage retrospective.

O'NEILL: Once during an early screening of *Lapis* I recall some huge, older man falling into a loud-mouthed fascist rap about how disgusting the Whitneys were. It shocked me.

MORITZ: Well that's interesting, the *Film Exercises* have a long history of upsetting audiences. Harry Bertoia told me that when he saw them in the forties the soundtracks and vibrant neon colors had a kind of violent impact and he had to leave before they were over. But when he saw them years later he understood how truly vanguard they were after he'd heard a great deal of electronic music and watched the palette development of 60's painting. So when people accuse these works of being seductive and simplistic, it just isn't the case.

O'NEILL: How long did Movies-Around-Midnight last? I don't recall when it officially ended.

MORITZ: Well, it went up into the seventies technically; but the great era ended in the sixties. The Cinema Theater itself changed from being an art theater that showed first run foreign films to showing the Warhol features like *Chelsea Girls* and then finally into an out and out porno-house. It got really depressing to wait in line, watching four or five old men leaving the skin flick furtively.

O'NEILL: It seemed to fade, just as pop art was peaking and rock concerts began to attract us.

MORITZ: That's right, of course Single Wing Turquoise Bird concentrated all of its energy at the Shrine concerts. And to tell the truth the light shows of that period were superb as art works—what an extraordinary potential to have a dozen visual artists working together in a live performance situation. Often independent films would be incorporated into the light shows.

O'NEILL: It reminded me of the Vortex Concerts in the late 50's at the Morrison Planetarium in San Francisco when Henry Jacobs and Jordan Belson gave proto-type light shows, with quadrasonic electronic music, the first I'd ever experienced. What were the first experimental films you saw that you actually liked?

MORITZ: I think I liked the abstract films in general, and I liked psychodramas immensely. I remember seeing *Meshes of the Afternoon* and *Fireworks*, *On the Edge*, *Psyche*. These were very appealing at the time. When I started making films I was a student at USC and I did a couple of psychodramas, *Moral of Four Monkeys* and *Toys*. They were so bad that after that I abandoned that format and became interested in a style of filmmaking more related to Bruce Conner and Stan Brakhage—a lot of it in 8mm, until my fanatical involvement with light shows began to refocus my work, in the late sixties. I became more rigorous about structure and was interested in loops as well as carefully manipulated imagery.

O'NEILL: Do you think of yourself as a filmmaker or historian?

MORITZ: Well a filmmaker primarily, and most of the work I've done writing film history and criticism I've become involved with because no one else had. For example the Fischinger things I worked on—as the films were there and uncared for and no one had written anything on him. The material had been there for years, available and not taken up.

O'NEILL: Were your films screened very much?

MORITZ: Outside of the light show

context, no. After Movies-Around-Midnight and the light show phenomenon died out, we had a dry spell in town for several years.

O'NEILL: I guess the next major event was your program at the Theater Vanguard, beginning in 1973.

MORITZ: Well there were a couple of other things, Bob Pike arranged a festival at Occidental College in 1968 on the model of the San Francisco Museum's *Art in Cinema* festival; they even published an elaborate catalog of filmmaker's statements. In this booklet he called Fischinger "the ex-German" as opposed to Mary Ellen Bute "the American". Amusing. Unfortunately there was no built-in audience and it couldn't be expanded into a continuing event. Then on the Sunset Strip in the early seventies, there was a brief commercial venture—Cinematheque 16, which tried to run experimental film programs on a full-week theatrical run. Richard Whitehall and Jeff Perkins were among the programmers. Despite the financial success of this, there was economic mismanagement by the theater owners as I understood it; so it folded, winding up as a porno house.

O'NEILL: Of course the building itself had a haunting background, right?

MORITZ: Oh yes... (laughs)... The room where the theater was had been a mortuary for many years. There were troughs and drains spotted around the floor. It was pretty creepy... (laughs)... But still Michael Snow's *Back and Forth* film ran a week.

O'NEILL: And after all that there was the great blank out, so we could only see films we were showing in our classes.

MORITZ: Yes that was during my Indian journey where I went to teach filmmaking. And I had screenings throughout Europe and Asia.

O'NEILL: Then you returned and began programming because you could see no one else ever would. That's when we realized we were grown up and would have to do everything for ourselves.

AFTER 10 MINUTES LINES

Roberta Friedman

I was invited to participate in a poetry event involving five simultaneous readers and a very long and complex text. My last collective undertaking had been a frenzied New Year's Eve light show with clowns, dancers and drummers, and I remembered deciding after that somewhat extraordinary alliance, that I would never do it again. But not remembering the reasons or the evening with any clarity, and being instinctively attracted to the unpredictabilities of artistic collaboration, I asked for details. I was to create a visual accompaniment for the readers, however, one not so engrossing as to undermine the rhythm of the words; to provide two hours of film material, approximately 4300 feet of film; and to finish the work in four weeks.

My filmwork in the past five years had become increasingly determinate based on carefully composed structures. It was concerned with details: minute variations in color and sound shades, and it often contained a precise hand-drawn animated element. While usually lasting no longer than 15 minutes, the films required from eight months to two years to complete.

With this in mind, I agreed to become the sixth member of the group, and for two anxious days wondered what I would do.

This was the beginning of my manipulations of the physical surface of film.

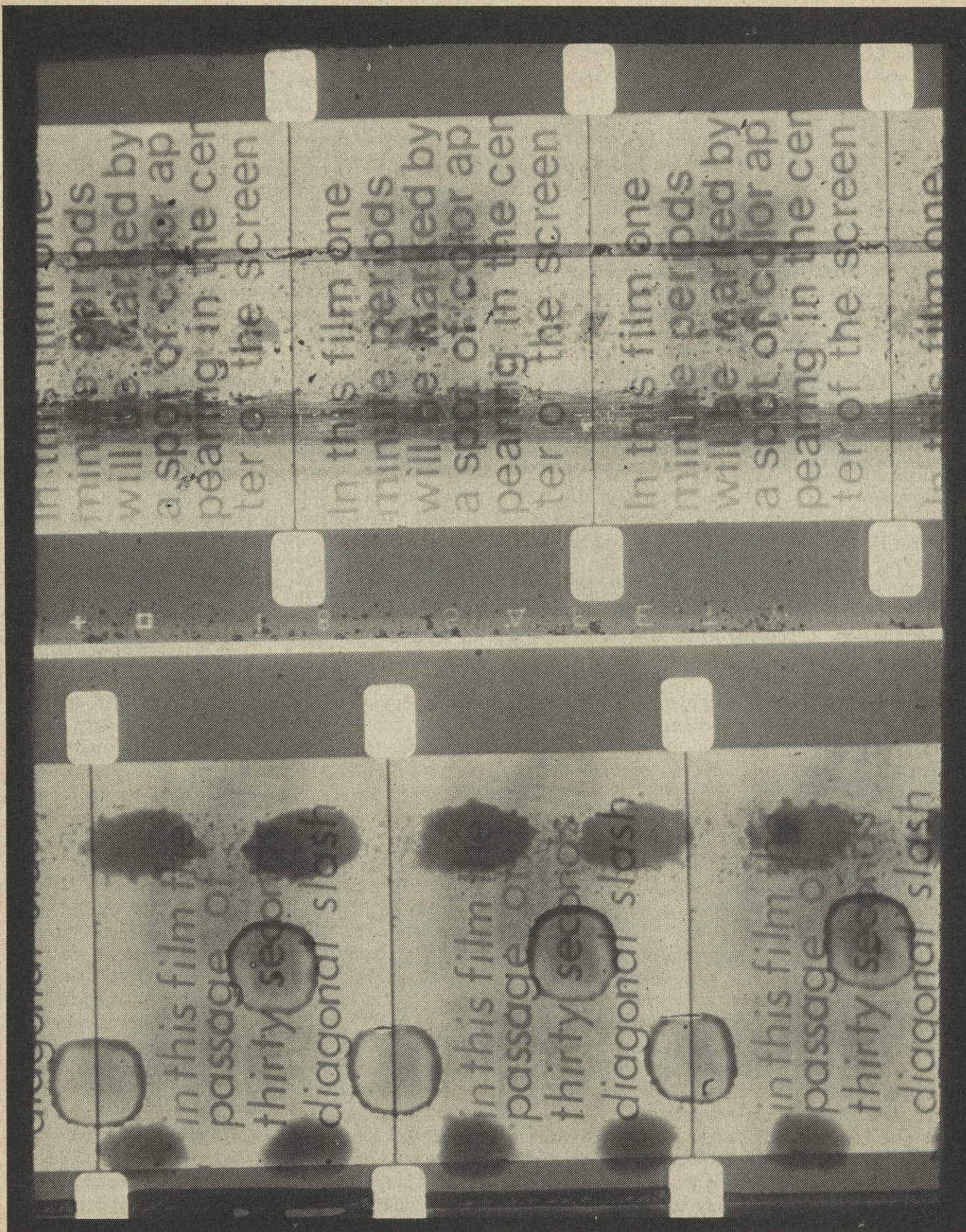
During those four weeks, I baked, boiled, and punctured the film. In the spirit of Len Lye, Harry Smith, and Carolee Schneemann, I applied a range of inks, fabric dyes and food coloring to its face, and discovered that the painted colors, when projected, were more intense and finely textured than those photographically produced. I used mathematical and architectural templates, and lengths of different gauge film stocks with various shaped and distanced sprocket holes to spray paint through. Beneath this improvisation of abstract imagery, was a continuous drone: black words on a white field. The words formed sentences which referred to the periodic appearances of a number of marks which indicated temporal divisions in the film: a spot of color in the center of the frame indicating the passage of one minute, a blue dot appearing every 10 feet of film, etc. The sentences would slowly soften into a grey blur, and

as they became illegible, another phrase describing the occurrence of a different mark would come 'forward' into focus. This was repeated seven times with seven different sentences and typefaces, and the seven sentence loop was then recycled three times.

The performance proceeded smoothly, but I still felt somewhat unsatisfied with my final material: it was visually too strong to complement the voices, and uncomfortably weak to stand alone as a film. *After Ten Minutes Lines* became a condensed, more refined, less open ended film version of this material.

After Ten Minutes Lines is essentially a film about time and the illusion of depth. As in the poetry film, two systems of time measurement interact with each other: clock time, defined in minutes and seconds, and linear time, defined in terms of feet and frames running through the projector. Each visual indication of time passage (a diagonal stripe across frame, for example) is linked with a corresponding distinctive tone. As the tones occur simultaneously or sequentially, chords and rhythmic patterns are created which complement each newly formed visual design. Although the marks are painted on the surface of the film, as the drone-words change focus a false depth is created. A constant position shift *seems* to occur. Marks 'move' out towards us then slip back behind the rows of letters.

Using this structure as a base for visual improvisation, I hand-painted and scratched a layer of colored textures along the length of the predominantly black and white film, stimulating a set of visual relationships with both the drone-words and the temporal markers. Sometimes words are obscured and occasionally obliterated, or markings are animated to their final positions. Running multi-colored sprocket hole imprints seems to retard or rush the progress of the projected film: those made with super 8 millimeter sprockets as a stencil appear to speed the film, while the 35 millimeter hole prints appear to slow it down. This layer operates as a variegated background, but also at times detaches itself to provide a minimal narrative interest (for example, the gradual intersection of two lines). The film ends shortly after the ultimate chord, the final (and only) occurrence of all tones and all visual indicators concurrently.



From *After Ten Minutes Lines*, Roberta Friedman, 1976.

FOUR FILMS OF GARY BEYDLER

by David James

When the old motif of the painting within a painting is transferred to film, it usually takes the form of a temporal insert. Feature films like Godard's *Contempt*, Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie* or Norman Mailer's *Maidstone* all maintain the integrity of the reflected image and

the representational conventions of the dramatic film by intruding the second film narratively; it becomes an event within the unfolding of other events, spliced in as innocuously as a close-up or a response shot. Unless it is done by the simple expedient of having a movie playing in the photographed scene, to show one film spatially inside another is

more difficult because of the problems of co-ordinating the separate movements of each film and of somehow ensuring that the contained film stays in a consistent position within the successive frames of the main film. The problem has been confronted in the materialist cinema by, for example, Pat O'Neill (who, by using a printer, is able to fill holes in one image



Gary Beydler; *Mirror*, 1974.

with other images) and by Brakhage who has inserted pieces of one film into holes physically cut into another (e.g. the screaming baby sequence in *Dog Star Man*). Working between these extremes, Gary Beydler has made four short films in each of which he employs different means of locating a secondary, surrogate movie screen within the larger image. These are *Mirror*, *Hand Held Day*, *Los Ojos* and *Pasadena Freeway Stills* (all 1974.)

Both *Mirror* and *Hand Held Day* are time-lapse films (about one frame every six seconds) which reduce an entire day to a few minutes. In the first Beydler sits holding a large mirror directed towards the west, and in the second a smaller mirror is hand held in the same direction. The reflected image in *Mirror* is waves breaking on a beach and the speed distortion gives them a caffein o.d. kind of pixillation effect from which it is impossible to re-construct coherent motion. Clouds coming from behind move smoothly—though faster than we usually see them—and Beydler himself is relatively stationary, though the movement of his hands on the edge of the mirror is also pixillated. As evening approaches the light of the sun reflected in the mirror becomes much brighter than that of the surrounding space and we lose the background in black. The mirror itself becomes the only visible screen, but when the sun finally sets the reflected light (compounded by shimmering lens flare) becomes so powerful that it floods the entire frame in a glorious burst of red

and gold.

Hand Held Day is structurally similar, but in it the reflected image is a range of small mountains, and the background clouds are much darker and larger. In the course of the day several storms pass over causing the relative light values of the sky, the hand, and the reflected hills to change constantly. Sometimes the clouds are white, the hand black, and the hills blue; sometimes the sky is blue, the hand red, and the hills black. Again the film ends with a sunset in the mirror so powerful that it usurps the entire image.

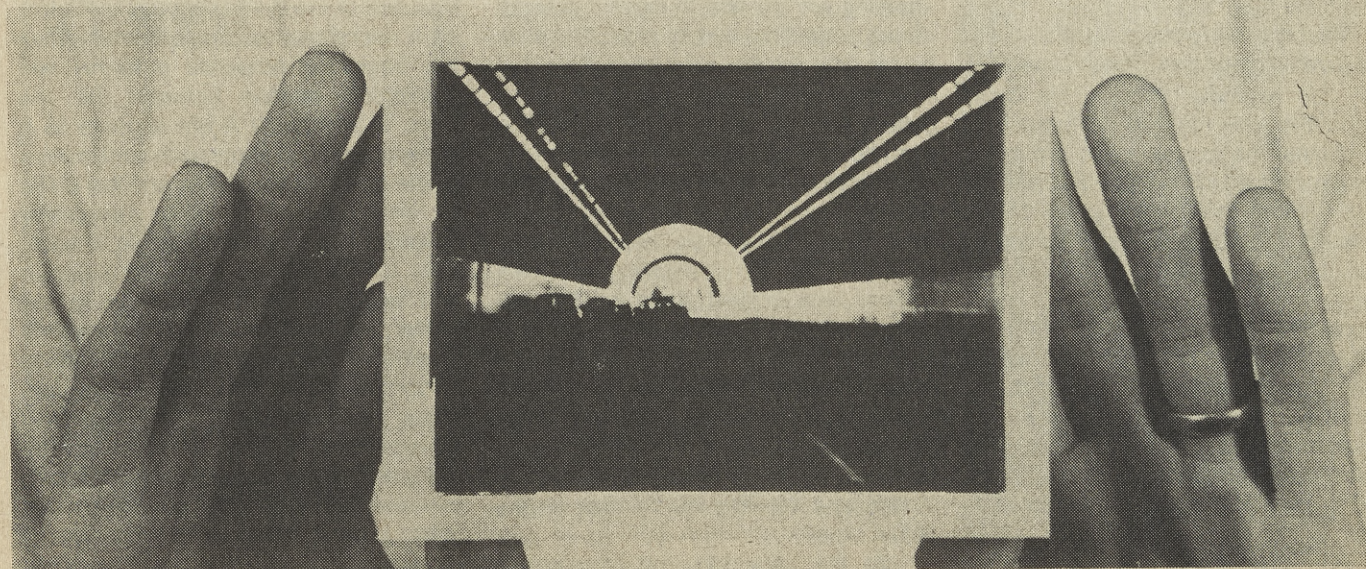
Simpler than the others, *Los Ojos* shows Beydler taking off a pair of heavy reflecting sunglasses and putting them back on. But in the period where his face is uncovered, his pupils dart about his eyes so quickly as to be almost invisible. We realize that the movie is also time-lapse with the action of removing the glasses retarded while the film was short in order to compensate for the increase of speed in the projected film.

Pasadena Freeway Stills opens to show a brown rectangle which floats before a white background. Since we have no means of placing its depth, we have no means of gauging its size until Beydler enters the screen and sits down behind the rectangle. (In fact the rectangle is made out of masking-tape placed on a sheet of clear glass which is invisible through the film.) He reaches to his side, picks up a black and white still photograph of some cars on a freeway, positions it carefully within the rectangle and holds it there for a few seconds

before putting it down. There is a cut and in the second shot he places a second still in the rectangle and again puts it aside. This is repeated with the shots becoming progressively shorter, and as the cuts become faster our attention shifts to the inset film where we begin to perceive motion in the cars, and eventually realize that the stills are enlargements of the frames of a black and white movie shot from a car on the freeway. Eventually the shots of the main film are themselves abbreviated to single frames, so that the freeway motion appears entirely realistic and Beydler's fingers holding the stills in the rectangle move so quickly that it is impossible to follow them. After a short time (some 1200 frames) the illusion of movement in the freeway film falls apart as the shots of Beydler placing the stills against the screen become longer and longer until the initial structure of cuts re-asserts itself.

By employing artificial "screens"—the two mirrors, the masking-tape rectangle, and the eyes (and, to a lesser extent, the glasses) in *Los Ojos*—all these films suggest parallels between the form and structure of the films in the contained screens and those of the whole screens. Specifically the inset screen generates spatial tensions in their context and temporal paradoxes through the relative plausibility of the illusion of motion in the different films.

In both *Mirror* and *Day* we see a simplification of the continuous space of nature into three distinct planes and a rearrangement of their relative sizes and location



Gary Beydler; *Pasadena Freeway Stills*, 1974.

vis-a-vis each other. In *Hand Held Day* these are the overhead clouds and sky, the mirror and the hand supporting it, and the reflected hills and clouds. The smallest perceived image is really the largest and also the furthest away. The smallest area occupied by the clouds, which are next in size in real life are also next in size in the film, and closest and largest in the film is the mirror itself which in life is the smallest. These inversions are somewhat different in *Mirror* where, of the three areas depicted, the smallest (the mirror) appears as the largest, the largest (the background sky) as the smallest, leaving the only middle-sized one (the image of the sea) in its appropriate position.

These spatial distortions in the films reflect the distortion of space that accompanies the rendition of three dimensions into two in both the mirror and the film itself. In this the mirror is a metaphor for the whole film, reducing its content through perspective in the same way that the camera and projection mechanism, both relatively and virtually, reduce the size of the sky while enlarging the size of the hand-held mirror. In making a hole in our forward vision and filling it with light from a source that is behind us, the screen upon which we see the films is therefore an equivalent of the mirror with which the films were made. And though the mirrors spatially "held" the sights of an entire day, it is only the mechanism of the film which allows us to experience representative samples of the days in question in the short time of the finished films; each could well have been entitled: "Film Held Day."

The films also generate distortions of time parallel to the distortions of space. In *Day*, for example, though the same mechanism was used to photograph all the planes, the movement in the inside scene contained in the mirror appears the most natural, that of the plane of the surrounding atmosphere appears continuous though unnatural and the closest image—the movement of the hands around the mirror—is most obviously artificial. Since in both films the clouds frame the other elements, their fluidity presents the illusion of continuous motion and so makes both films appear as single shots. But the pixilation of the hands holding the mirrors and the fragmentariness of the waves' motion in *Mirror* exposes this illusion of real time by

asserting their planes as sequences of single frames. These ambiguities point to an unstable distinction between a simple succession of single-frame images, temporally and spatially separated from each other, and a succession of single frames of the same image perceived so rapidly that the sequence approaches the condition of a segment of naturally observed reality and so allows us to use the term *shot*.

Film esthetics from Eisenstein and Metz have typically taken the shot as the primary unit, Peter Kubelka being a notable exception. But the distinction between the shot and a sequence of single frames is not categorical and indeed there is no reason—other than the slowness of human perception—why a narrative film should not be comprised of single-frame shots: witness Hollis Framp-ton's encyclopedic travelogue, *Ordinary Matter*. We usually distinguish between the two by reference to either elapsed time or camera movement between frames in the projected film; if either of these are, at any given point, sufficiently great to be perceived, then we consider a new shot to have commenced, even though the film may never have been physically cut.

The crucial factor is perception, for it is possible to have camera movement between frames in a single shot (a travelling shot) and it is inevitable, given the mechanism of the medium, that there will be a time gap between frames. Verisimilitude is achieved by ensuring that the gaps in time that occur during shooting are identical to those that occur during projection, and by projecting each frame only for the amount of time that elapsed in exposing it. For if we see a given frame for longer than that time (for example by stop-printing) then the illusion of continuous movement, upon which the shot as an entity is predicated, is broken. Thus Chris Marker's *La Jetee* succeeds so brilliantly by presenting selected frames from implied shots for different lengths of time, and by doing so confounds the distinctions between single frame and shot. Though not as complex as *La Jetee*, *Pasadena Freeway Stills* investigates the same dialectic. For convenience I refer to the main film as the A-film, and the freeway footage as the B-film.

At the beginning, the time lapses

between the separate frames of each shot of the A-film are so small and those between the frames of the B-film so great that we commit our sense of reality to the former. We recognize a cut in the A-film by a sudden jump in the position of Beydler's body, "translate" it into a time lapse, and recognize it as the end of a complete shot. When the time lapses *between cuts* in the A-film occur 24 times a second, then they are occurring at the same rate as those *between frames* in the earlier longer shots and so in the A-film the formal distinction between shot and single frame has been absolved by the presentation of a sequence of single frame shots. But by this point, of course, we are simultaneously seeing 24 frames per second of the B-film, perceiving it, that is, at the rate it was photographed, the rate at which it appears both temporally and spatially continuous. While at the beginning of the film, the only motion exhibited by these photographs was supplied by Beydler's moving them through the air and placing them up against the glass, now the spatial changes in the position of the cars is successive stills predominates to the point where an illusion of natural-speed motion within them occurs. In the beginning we see each frame of the B-film for many frames; at the center we perceive each still only once and we perceive 24 of them each second.

In the beginning of the film, each shot in the A-film contained within it a single frame of the B-film, but at the center the realization of the single-shot structure of the B-film exposes the A-film as a succession of single frames. Thus the beginning proposes a formal and ontological relation between the two films, in which the A-film appears as a realistic series of shots each containing a single frame of the B-film and the B-film as an unrealistic (because temporarily dislocated) sequence of single images. This relationship is gradually modified and becomes exactly inverted at the center, where the B-film is the realistic single shot and the A-film is the sequence of disharmonious stills. The formal properties of each gradually merge and replace each other. In doing so the film deftly and lucidly exploits the mechanisms whereby the illusion of motion is created in film to generate purely filmic illusions of its own.

EXCERPTS

EXCERPTS

**FROM
AN
INTERVIEW
WITH
PAT
O'NEILL**

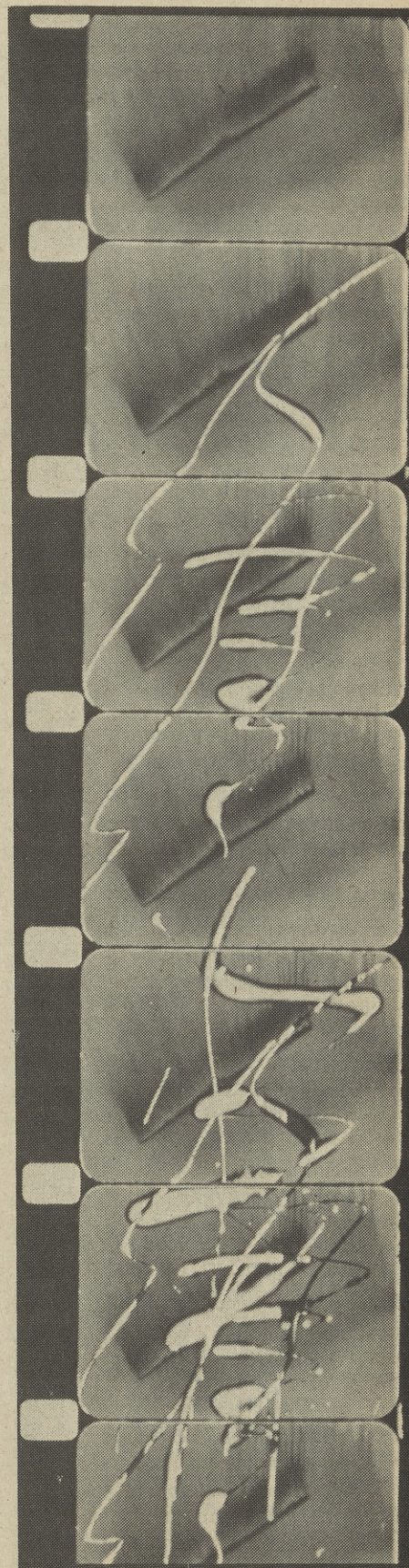
**by
Frank
Fearless**

Q: I notice that *Sidewinder's Delta* is very loosely, even casually put together. Does this represent a conscious change in your way of working?

A: I hardly ever change my habits intentionally. Instead, I observe the way things change, and try to learn from the evidence at hand. I found that looking at films in the rough-cut state is sometimes more interesting than when they are cleaned up and finished. Particularly films which are put together from a number of separate parts. The incidents that make up the beginning and ending of a roll of film made on an optical printer are sometimes more interesting than the intentional parts in between. Punch marks, writings on the leader, other footage used as leader, china-dolls, scratches. They present another aspect of organization which is generally excluded—at least which I have excluded, heretofore.

Q: Does this represent a move away from illusionism, from making "convincing" pictures?

A: Not at all. I would like to make more convincing pictures than I so far have been capable of. I have been limited, to some extent, by the availability of the proper technology. But what seems important is not so much the illusion, for its own sake, (that is for the advantage of fooling the spectator) rather I prefer the flexibility of coming and going from illusion—not to be either totally caught up or incapable of it. Filmmakers have had, I think a sometimes narrow view of what constitutes unity in a work: what is needed to make a film experience seem to be a unified whole. Many structuralist films could be seen as taking the direction of total unity, or compactness.



From *Sidewinder's Delta*, Pat O'Neill

(A contained, circumscribed set of variables are revealed or modulated.) My films seem to contain and inter-relate a group of ideas. They resemble the typical patterns of a conversation between diverse participants with the context of each person's sentences springing from the matrix.

Q: How did *Sidewinder's Delta* come to take the present form?

A: It was gradually built-up as a series of parts, related at first only by a consistent choice of locations. As the individual parts were finished, they began to assume a position within the whole, and sometimes to suggest a piece to be made either to follow or proceed it. Other sections asked to be excused, so as to follow their own course separately. I made several trips to Arizona to do time-lapse filming of light changes and cloud shadows on sandstone formations. I had only the vaguest idea how to use the footage I was collecting. There is a satisfaction that comes from having a nugget in your possession just asking to be used; to be put into a context that doesn't yet exist. At the same time, I was continually dogged by doubts: the footage is too "beautiful," I am making a dumb Travelog; the consequence of these combinations may be trivial, etc.

The "trowel" scene was one of the first sections I got into a composite state. I liked the way the weather was revealing and obscuring the horizon and its peaks. It kept repeating the "tabula rasa," the blank whiteness of the screen, suspended out in the sky. It was becoming a reflexive situation, talking about the anxiety of image making. The musical reverberation of the cement-finishing tool had to do with passivity, about waiting—waiting and playing with the tools. It is a reference, an homage, to Jim Dine's endless tool collections as well.

The cactus and light bulb piece was also finished early on. The cactus is near Wickenburg, Arizona; the stone house is in Indio, California; the interior seen through the window is in our kitchen and the light and hand were shot in front of a blue screen. The composite is technically pretty rough, due to the fact that the original photography on all the elements was done in cameras without register pins. That is why they jiggle from time to time. I have been accepting this problem for a while, but chafing at it at the same

time. It is a trade-off between the cheap, handy Bolex with jiggly pictures and a steady, expensive Mitchell which would have to be rented and fretted about. This registration problem eventually drove me to stop doing this kind of scene. I began to see that the way forward was to simply acknowledge the limitation I had provided myself. The later parts were made with hand-held materials in which camera motion was a given.

Q: What lies behind the cactus and the light?

A: A demonstration. The cactus is anti-chameleon. It changes color so as to stand out from its background, instead of blending with it. Given blue light, it becomes orange, green light makes it red. This is a ravishing sub-species of Sahuaro, perhaps because of its quirky behavior, confined to a few botanical gardens in Switzerland. Of course, the film is a dramatization designed to heighten the effect of the color changes, which in real life are barely detectable.

Q: Why do you keep on giving us visual "punch lines"?

A: Everything has its "joke" level. It's a dangerous proposition to forget that. I think if we get a little distance from a situation it usually reveals its humor, even perhaps as it also reveals its terror or beauty, or symmetry. I think really serious films are sometimes quite funny, even when no one else does. My attitude may have a lot to do with L. A. You have to have some sense of irony to live here for very long, and since I was born here my adaptation is quite complete. Friends from the Bay Area can't understand why anyone would live here voluntarily, and of course in New York...well, you know...

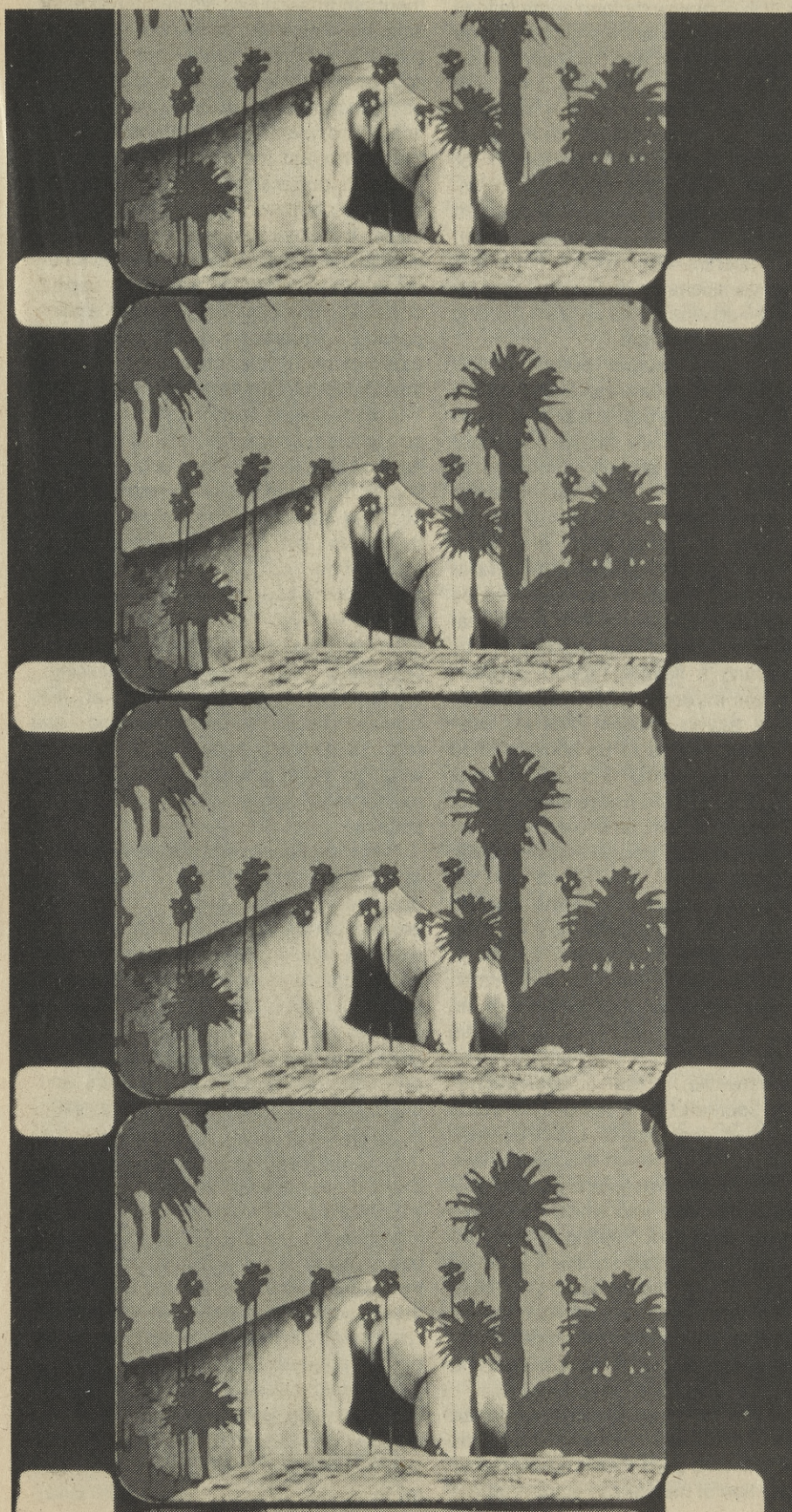
Q: Why is the first part of the film silent? The last 5 minutes is almost silent also which seems to imply a closure of some kind.

A: The beginning and end of the film came to be somewhat like a frame. Chinese watercolor paintings mounted on silk scrolls have some of this quality: the frame is elegant, rich, and abstract and this lends dignity and austerity to the painting contained within. It also seemed a highly illogical thing to do. I tried to combat my own habits and modes of arrangement by doing this. The abstract beginning is hard to reconcile with the narrative, topical scenes to follow. I enjoy feeling the disruption caused by this

minor non-sequitur. It's a little like the scanning parallelogram in *Down Wind*. That object had absolutely nothing to do (in content) with the main picture on the screen. So you have to attend to two, at least two, disparate activities at once. And in this split consciousness you open to surprise. Becoming surprised indicates that you are participating in the unfolding of the work, not just observing it. Most films you just watch, and they do whatever it is they are going to do. On the other hand, occasional works take place totally in your head: Frampton's *Poetic Justice* is the strongest example I can think of. Watching and reading it is only the first step in a complex inner structuring process which might occupy one's attention, off and on, for weeks.

Q: Sound?

A: I am increasingly dissatisfied with sound tracks—my own and others. But so far only one of my own films was satisfactory silent (*Screen*, 1968). This particular sound track for *Sidewinder's* was deliberately made to play behind, and be of lesser importance to the picture—to provide a presence or context for the picture, to announce changes, and at times to comment upon the image. I worked on the track for months, and threw away most of the results. I have come to hold Brakhage's track for *Fire of Water* as a sort of paragon of balance between sound-dominance and soundlessness. The sound in my earlier films I feel assumed too important a role. Once we started making a track, it became a felt obligation to continue with it throughout the film, in order to integrate the experience of sound. Sometimes the picture gets overpowered this way, and its subtleties obliterated. I haven't solved the problem yet. Part of the difficulty is the tremendous inconsistency of quality in sound reproduction, between prints, and between projectors. The desired level of intensity (not to mention illumination, focus, cleanliness, etc.) may be experienced only occasionally. There is only one attitude about this sort of thing which I like: that one might best show the film only under very controlled circumstances so that things go as they were intended. And there is the other equally defensible attitude which says the piece should be made durably enough to withstand a range of presentation conditions and still work reasonably well.



Pat O'Neill; *Sidewinder's Delta*, 1976.

Q: Did the cerebral hemorrhage you had last year have any effect on your work?

A: While recovering, I went over in my mind the materials that make up the last third of the film (co-incidentally, they were the last to be completed). I must have reeled that stuff through a dozen times a day. Many of the mental versions were excellent. My vision was totally fragmented for several weeks after the operation. I became accustomed to living in a Cubist version of reality, parts of the visual field were not coming through. It was curiously exhilarating and strangely enough not really frightening at the time. Gradually I returned to a more ordinary sort of vision. I was relieved to find out that I could still focus a lens, and judge distance in driving. After 6 months the effects were minimal, except in reading. Even now, type still seems foreign and unrecognizable. I read very slowly, sometimes letter-by-letter. It is improving a bit with practice. One of the neurosurgeons said, "Good thing you're an artist, in a lot of professions you'd be out of luck!"

Q: What next?

A: I'm not sure. Once I have some time to work, the relative importance of various possibilities should become clearer. Lately, I have been working entirely on other people's films, and entirely in the capacity of a craftsman, executing optical effects. From time to time this can actually be a relief with someone else making all the decisions. And it pays the bills. But it becomes repetitious after a while, like any job. There are about a dozen unfinished pieces around here, about half of which would probably be worth going with. I've also been toying with the idea of re-making some of the "classics" just like they do downtown. (I wonder how much Snow would want for the rights to *Wavelength*?) Some days it seems like the medium of film has vast possibilities stretching out ahead, awaiting our insights—and other days it seems like it's all been done before. The dichotomy must have to do with brain electricity, or chemical balance in the nervous system, or the sort of smokes one may have encountered. I get all my ideas in about 3 or 4 hours a month, usually late at night and often they are gone before I can find a pencil to write and sketch. I guess this must imply an overwhelming trust of the unconscious...

A NOTE ON SERIAL AND SERIES ARRANGE— MENTS IN PAT O'NEILL'S RECENT FILMS

by
**William
Moritz**

Pat O'Neill's films *Runs Good* (1970), *Easyout* (1971), *Last of the Persimmons* (1972), *Down Wind* (1973), *Saugus Series* (1974), and *Sidewinder's*

Delta (1976) obviously form some kind of series since they share many of the same visual techniques and imagery. Their hour-and-a-quarter screening time, and extraordinary complexity and richness (as well as idiosyncrasy) demand an exhaustive book-length monograph for adequate description and discussion. However, perhaps a clue to their direction can be derived from a close comparison of two scenes from recent films that contain variations on the same particular element—an airbrushed abstract painting of a rectangular shape.

In #1 of *Saugus Series*, O'Neill composes a structure containing a central painted square with a "paint"-covered thumb moving slowly across the lower quarter of the screen, creating (or following) a kind of smudge. Although one immediately rationalizes the composition into a "foreground" (the large thumb) and a "background" (the smaller square), O'Neill sets up several avenues of dialogue between the two areas that sharpen and enrich our perceptions by establishing a flexible rapport between the values implied by the two elements.

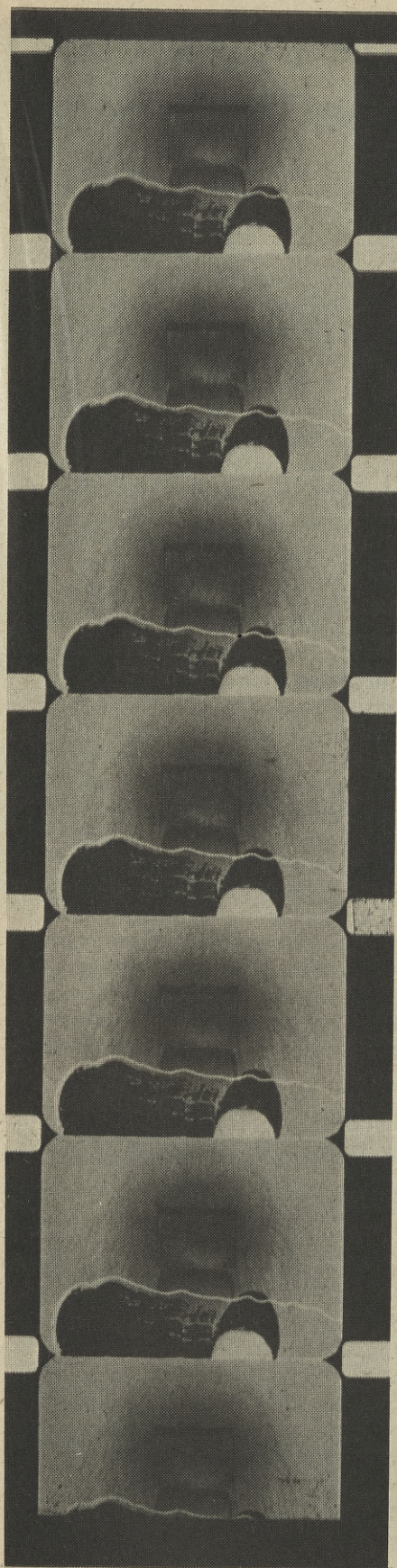
The thumb, though clearly a live-action shot, seems to be photographed on some high-speed and high-contrast film stock so that the image sparkles with active grain pattern, and only tenuously maintains any 3-D perspective credibility, something further challenged by the white outline drawn above the thumb's smudge, artificially separating it from the rest of the frame. Furthermore, the thumb seems to move with an uncommon slowness that raises the question of the source, condition and validity of this imagery.

Meanwhile, the "background" square seems to be a painting, in fact a painting of the Morris Louis/Kenneth Noland school in which the colors have been somehow sprayed and dripped on a raw base-material into which they have stained and soaked, creating veils of pure color unalloyed in their scintillating, naked intensity (though the particular pale blue, green, plum, lavender, and rust shades seem also reminiscent of some of the luminous drip glazes on fine Chinese and Japanese stoneware and porcelain).

O'Neill arranges two checks on the nature of this image: At first, there seems to be a thumb-print visible in the lower right portion of the painted square, where

the paint has run and soaked down each side, leaving an arc of raw base-material (actually animation paper, but the white light on the screen maintains a sensation of quandary as to its true nature). The analogy implied by the co-existence of the thumb and the thumb-print tends to heighten our awareness of the radical difference between the two images, and helps to allow us to consider them co-equal elements, neither fore/back nor primary/secondary. Now O'Neill begins dissolving more quickly between similar painted squares—several with the thumb-print initially, then many without, then those with the thumb-print reappear. These dissolves constitute a true serial sequence in and of themselves, and they further remind us, by their sub-animation continuity, of the vastly divergent modes of being implied by the slow-motion (?) thumb vs. the painted squares frozen from time conglomerates that are ambiguously both more and less than a frame's-worth of "duration", and sequential only through that filmic process of *dissolving* (one swelling/coalescing/crystallizing to materialization at the same time that the preceding one recedes/deconcentrates/melts away) which is here rendered available for a more intense appreciation than usually is possible.

Having sensitized us to this situation and these manifestations, O'Neill develops them further, reversing again the several trends. The dissolving paintings dissolve finally into a non-painting, but into a landscape (of a flowing stream with rocks and rolling clouds of steam or mist) that resembles an oriental monochrome landscape painting. The new relationship between this "live-action" element and the thumb is sharpened by an astonishing congruence between the shoreline in the river-scape and the outlined smudge in the thumb element, a correspondence which leads us to reactivate a vague "first impression" that the thumb might have been "acting" on an animation stand over the painting; but now we are faced with the implication that the thumb's trajectory "prefigured" a detail of a living unit that had not appeared yet when the thumb began its description. This mysterious existential enigma is reinforced by O'Neill's gesture of modulating the color of the thumb element to pure white (thus mirroring the clouds in the other, land-



Pat O'Neill, *Saugus Series*, 1975.

scape element, including their reflexive property of pure light on a naked screen), a gesture which then establishes a complete reversal of the original values assigned to the two elements, for now the flat, limned, timeless square has been replaced by an illusionistic-dimensional, "real-time" landscape, while the live-action thumb and its smudge have mutated into a flat area of overt matte devoid of illusionistic, mimetic or temporal qualities.

The second sequence of *Sidewinder's Delta* initially resembles the first sequence of that film—containing looped, quickly changing and pastel-hued abstractions—but the eye soon perceives radical differences. This loop seizes its identity from the presence of a large triangle which begins to define an explosive "start" for the flurry of strokes that follow. All of the figures in this loop seem to be either scratched directly into the film emulsion (and tinted) or drawn with wet, flamboyant brush strokes (like the *haboku* ink paintings of the Japanese, rather than their action and gestural American equivalents). The figures technically consist only of these outline-strokes, but they coincidentally/conjunctively describe polymorphous shapes on a "background" which fades in, containing one diagonal rectangular bar airbrushed and anointed (in precisely the fashion familiar from the Louis/Noland image from *Saugus Series* described above) in rich, soft hues of magenta and pastel cyan blue related to the "palette" of the previous sequence. The quiet stability and continuity of this "background" alone imparts to it the illusion of recessive distance at first, and the occlusion of quick strokes seems to be performing a negative space function (by analogy with the synchromatic margin/outlines of the forms in the first sequence). However, as the loop action continues, we begin to establish a second spatial hierarchy (equally illusory, based on our scholastic training in Renaissance perspective) which suggests that the "brush stroke" markings are moving in a multiplane alignment, some rushing by us in close-up, some passing smaller, farther off, and all together, then, necessarily locating the serene bar also farther and farther back (and "logically" increasing its size "astrophysically") into an infinite void.

Now the bar refuses to accept this perspective pigeon-hole, and, changing with imperceptible nuance, begins to include a reddish edge which forcefully pushes its way through the illusory "foreground", establishing a vital, stimulating visual paradox (and, incidentally, reminding us again of Louis' veil paintings or some of Jules Olitski's in which the sprayed and stained layers of paint subtly seem to reveal, then conceal again, a hue or articulation/form just because of some phenomenon of optical fatigue or overload). Furthermore, we become aware (especially by comparison with #1 of *Saugus Series*) that the bar has been animated (actually airbrushed with thinner) so cleverly that its illusion of transformation has been completely, outrageously successful (like the "invisible" limpid, tranquil string cushion-supports in the music of Mahler, Bruckner or Strauss), while the excited rhythms of the brush-stroke figures (like a magician's diversionary tactics) have had to assert their durational identity/validity through looped recurrences which increasingly (and simultaneously) baffle the eye/mind in exactly the opposite way from the bar-animation, namely by breeding consequence out of a random, but reiterated, disjunction.

This *Sidewinder's Delta* sequence functions equally as a serial extension of the *Saugus Series* scene, or as an organization in its own right, since it posits a tension between two systems different from *Saugus*—one discontinuous in form and succession through mathematically precise in its recurrent loop structure, and the other, like a Louis or Olitski painting, so subtly continuous that the seeming pure veils of color alter and intermingle through such delicate nuances that the articulation is imperceptible. The action of both systems is monomorphic. The relative simplicity of this sequence not only corresponds to the allusive shorthand of the serial continuation but also contributes to the overall tendency towards contemplative abstraction/reduction characteristic of *Sidewinder's Delta* as an organic whole and as a successive member of O'Neill's current composite imagery series, which significantly returns filmmaking and imagery simultaneously to a primal level intriguing for metaphysical and semi-logical eversion.

Possibilities of Activity, Part I: the argument from an essay by Grahame Weinbren

Finally there is a film by L. A. filmmakers Anthony Forma and Dennis Phillips, *Possibilities of Activity, Part I: The Argument*. Its starting point is neither clearly political nor aesthetic, and therefore it begins with the best chance of contributing to the breakdown of this damaging distinction.

On one level the subject of *Possibilities* is time and work, the possibilities of activity in our present society, and on another level it is the relationships possible between sound and image in cinema. The social theme is contained in the soundtrack of the film, which consists of the voices of Americans talking about how they use their time. The words are like aural versions of Dorothea Lange's photographs, and they have been edited into a sound collage which is more like music than narrative, together producing a desolate picture of life in the modern American city. To this soundtrack, Forma and Phillips have composed an image accompaniment which relates to the words in a variety of ways: metaphorically, emotively, by contrast, but never illustratively. They have assembled elegant landscape imagery, photographed from smoothly moving trains, and in the first part of the film the wide spaces of the land form a harsh antithesis to the narrow areas within which the voices on the

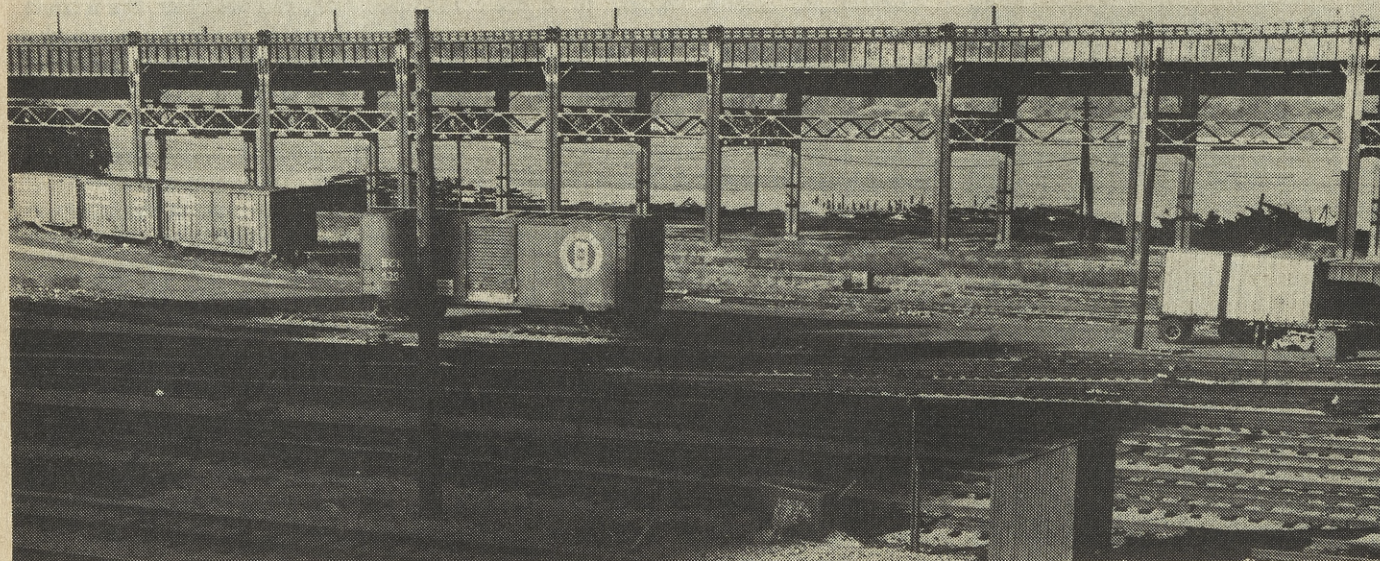
soundtrack describe themselves as confined. "If I didn't work I'd sit at home all day, watch t.v.—know every soap opera that's going on..." a female voice, filled with anxiety, and over it an image of an infinite yet simple plain rolls slowly along the screen. Without the image, the tragedy of a young woman who thinks she would rather sell her time than make her own use of it would not be so cuttingly clear. And without the words, the image is meaningless, one of the shots warned against by the amateur camera manual. Together sound and image have an almost tactile effect, the contradiction between them is so biting.

Towards the middle of the film, shots of humans appear for the first time. Against images of crowds milling around subway terminals and along the filthy streets of New York City, those who never travel by public transport and never put a foot on the city streets discuss the emptiness of their existences. Particularly funny is a deadpan speech, delivered completely devoid of expression, which begins, "I find each day completely challenging..." while the pointless hurry at the end of the working day takes place on the screen. Interestingly, however, this section, in which the images are mostly of people, is the least satisfying in the film. The human figure, perhaps, is too expressive on its own to be able to act

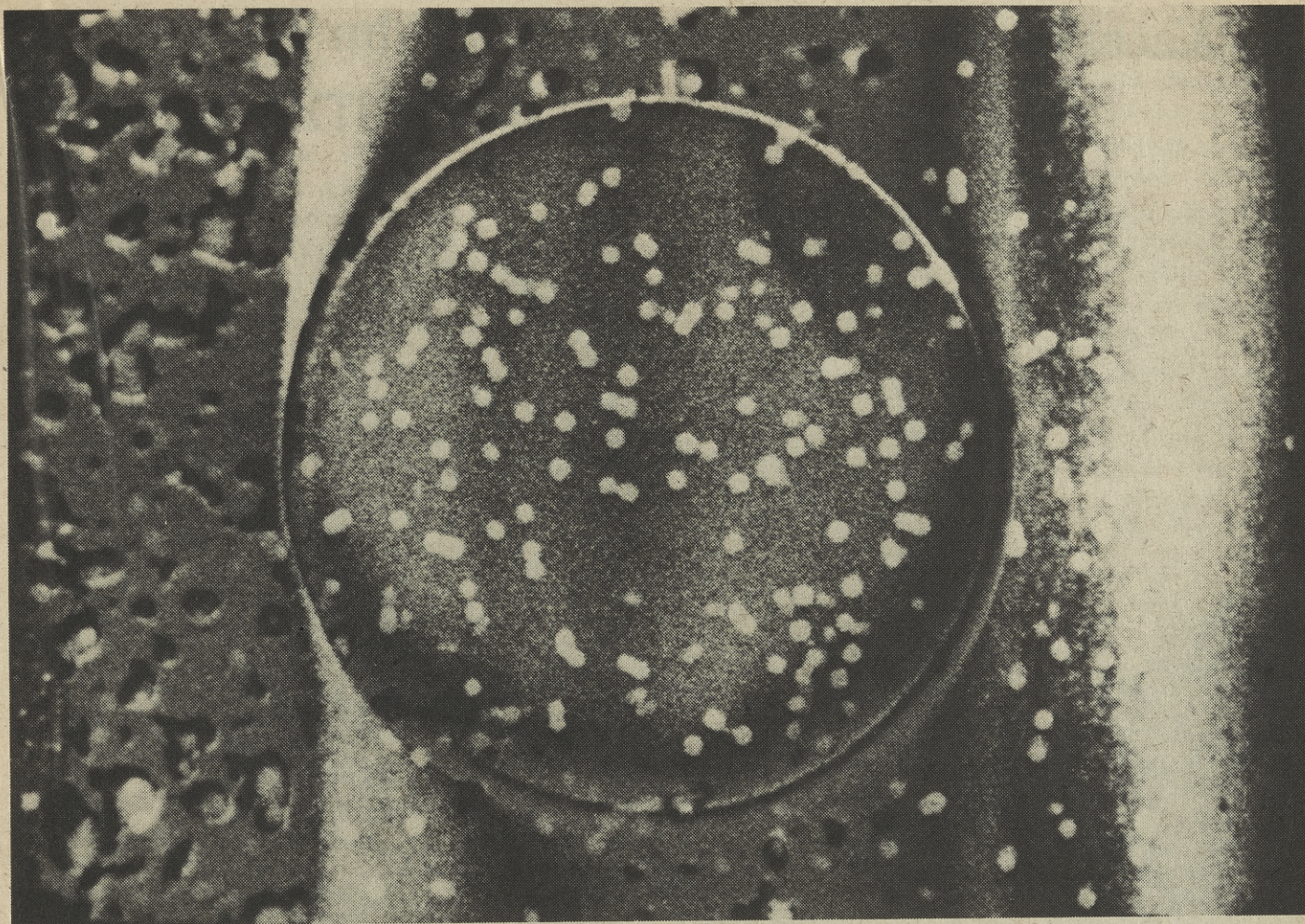
as foil for the content-carrying words.

The concluding part of the half-hour film, however, is masterful. The soundtrack becomes less intelligible as sentences are broken up, superimposed on each other, and used as purely musical elements, against images of bricks and walls which correspond to the literal flatness of the projection surface. These images deny the illusionary depth on which so much cinema depends. The viewer feels trapped by a screen which no longer opens up into a space for the eyes to wander through, exactly as the voices on the track are trapped by the dollar—by the jobs which occupy too much time in return for too little space.

Possibilities is not an easy film to watch, for, like *Nightcleaners*, it demands an active participation on the part of the viewer who is constantly forced to discover and invent relations between sound and image. This work, however, is amply repaid by an appreciation of an aspect of modern living, an appreciation, part of the value of which resides in the fact that one comes to it oneself, that one is not given or sold anything by the film. The activity of watching this work is metaphoric of the issue at its core and at the core of some of the questions discussed here: genuine activity, whether it is possible, and how it differs from passivity in, for example, acceptance, escapism and appreciation.



From *Possibilities of Activity*, 1975, by Dennis Phillips & Anthony Forma.



James Whitney; *Yantra*, 1950-57.

YANTRA

by JAMES WHITNEY

Yantra was basically a creation myth, an attempt to bring about a unity of cosmic happenings and inner psychic happenings, a bringing together of inner and outer realities. At one time, I considered calling it "A Study in the Process of Individuation," a title of one of Jung's early works. The sequences in the film are roughly as follows: A descent from the uncreated (Akasha); a slow fade, black to white, increasing in tempo to a single frame flicker of pure light, ushering in a lower state of energy-form; a central horizontal parting of the top and bottom (parting of heaven and earth), a splitting of the primordial aton; a squared circle mandala; a serpentine particle flow movement into a circumambulation of the center; a fountain-like rising kundalini revealing a mandala-like turning orb, or vessel (Grail); the gradual involution and emptying process moves back to the beginning and end. The creative vessel, or Grail, is probably the peak of the film.

When *Yantra* was begun (in 1950), I had to go through an elaborate process of making very complex dot pattern animations which took a year or so. At this time, I actually went out and shot water footage as possible material to use and to study the flow patterns. The structure I was getting into here was a quanta of points, an atomic idea going back to Democritus, finding the simplest denominator. Having now arrived at a single opposition of randomness to order, I could create a family of movement patterns. That's why I called it *Yantra I*. I intended to make *Yantra II* from that same basic material, but this didn't work out. That one film was exhausting enough. Today a computer with proper programming can work out these complexities.

Sara Kathryn Arledge: Pasadena's Film Pioneer

by Terry Cannon



Photo of Sara Kathryn Arledge by Craig Levine.

Although she was one of the earliest experimental filmmakers in Los Angeles (and for that fact in the United States), Sara Kathryn Arledge's work remains unknown even to a large segment of the avant-garde film community. Her obscurity can be directly related to two factors.

First, she has chosen to live and work most of her life in a modest Pasadena studio, isolated as it is from the major centers of artistic experimentation—San Francisco and New York.

Second, unlike many of her contemporaries who began as painters and became prolific filmmakers, Arledge has produced a small body of film work. Indeed, she spent nearly two decades in the conception and creation of her two films. Her first project, *Introspection*, was made between

1941 and 1946. Although widely acclaimed when first shown, *Introspection* unfortunately has been neglected for many years and is no longer in commercial distribution in the United States. Arledge's second film, *What is a Man?*, a satirical comment on alienation between the sexes made between 1950 and 1958, was until this past year never shown to a public audience.

In a recent interview in her Pasadena studio, Ms. Arledge discussed her work and the West Coast experimental film community of the post-World War II era.

It was as a young woman and as a young painter that Arledge first became interested in the possibilities of artistic expression in the film medium. She recalled: "In about 1927 a German

light organ inventor came to the Pasadena Playhouse and had a showing of his colored volumes of light moving on the screen. Although this man was an engineer, and not an artist in any means, his show made me consider the idea of change and motion in a work of art. And I felt that since painting was a static art, these ideas would have to be worked out on film." It was several years later, on her honeymoon, that she bought a Bell & Howell camera and filmed the Fourth of July dance celebration of the Apache Indians in White River, Arizona. Through her earnings as a substitute teacher in the Los Angeles and Pasadena school systems, she was able to invest in a more advanced 16-millimeter camera, and in 1941 began a series of experiments with filming dance movements. Although only seven minutes long, *Introspection* was not completed until 1946. Short teaching assignments in the art departments at the Universities of Oklahoma and Arizona, coupled with the enlistment of her two cameramen in the U. S. Army, were the major delays.

In 1946 Arledge moved temporarily to the San Francisco Bay Area, where she became the first woman to join a local experimental film organization which included a number of now-famous personages—Curtis Harrington, Sidney Peterson, James Broughton, and Kenneth Anger.

In 1947 Frank Stauffacher coordinated the "Art in Cinema" series at the San Francisco Museum of Art, the first organized screenings of experimental film on the West Coast. Arledge recalls with fondness the esteem in which the arts were regarded in the Bay Area: "San Francisco and Berkeley were extremely lively art communities. Even the shoe salesmen were interested in art. I remember a drug store clerk saying to me, 'You make experimental films! How great!' *Introspection* premiered at the Museum of Art in 1947 and received wide critical acclaim.

A series of loosely-connected technical and aesthetic experiments with dance, *Introspection* is a highly imaginative work. With great originality, Arledge used stage-light gelatins for color effects, a Chrysler hubcap for a convex reflecting surface, and such film techniques as slow motion and multiple exposures. The finished work was glowingly reviewed by film historian Lewis Jacobs: "Disembodied parts of dancers are seen moving freely in black space. Dancers wear tights blacked

out except for particular parts—a hand, arm, shoulder, torso, or entire body, which are specially colored and form a moving and rhythmic three-dimensional design of semi-abstract shapes. . . The result is a kind of abstraction and a completely new visual experience, especially heightened when two or three colored forms are juxtaposed in multiple exposure. The use of color is striking and unlike color in any other experiment thus far. Its departure in technique suggests new dimensions in unconventional and abstract cinema."

Like Maya Deren, who at the time was the dominant personality and catalyst of the experimental film movement on the East Coast, Arledge sought to create a filmic dance as opposed to recording a stage performance. She commented: "Effective planning of a dance film has little in common with stage choreography, and effective movements of a dancer in film are not necessarily those most satisfactory on stage."

Despite the interest with which *Introspection* was being received, Arledge returned to her home in Pasadena. Due to the expensive nature of filmmaking and her own chronic lack of funds, Arledge would spend most of her future time creating on canvas and not celluloid. She remarked: "There was a great deal of pressure on struggling independent film artists to move to New York, which was *the* place. But I was not willing to give up the Western way of living, the beaches and the mountains which I so loved, for the New York scramble for fame and dough. I felt that if I did good work it would be shown when there was a field to show it in."

What about Hollywood? "I never wanted a job in Hollywood," Arledge commented, "because I didn't like what they were doing there. They did not approach film from the visual and aesthetic standpoint that I was vitally interested in. But even if I had wanted a job in Hollywood, I would not have been able to get in, because none of the studio unions admitted any women at the time."

In November of 1976, Ms. Arledge screened her two films at Pasadena Filmforum. She was recently invited to present her work at Anthology Film Archives in New York. As a person interested in the ongoing development of independent film in Los Angeles, I cannot think of a better portent of things to come than the rediscovery of those whose efforts started us on this exciting odyssey.

William Mohr

ALARM

— *for Pat Zeitlin*

Her alarm clock ticks loudly and I almost can't go to sleep, as when I delivered Sunday papers as a boy. In fact, she accidentally set her alarm five hours ago—with a pair of pliers—for the same hour I used to get up then. And I wake, my fingers smudged with black ink from folding, with the memory of huge moths. I was frightened, but never shot my rubber bands at them as they swirled past my face towards the porch light.

One time, though, I overslept. The man who left the papers stacked in the driveway pounded on the door. My father leaped from bed. He was waiting for a telegram about his dying father. He'd spent a week with him four months before in his house in Milton, Massachusetts. When he returned, he said, "We never talked so much in our lives."

But now I think of my childhood visit to the church my parents married in, somewhere in Los Angeles, and I wonder if he said, "Father, I love you, though I married three thousand miles from here, halfway through a war."

NO SHORTCUTS

— for Carol Zeitz

Walking on top
of the parking garage until I oval
the staircase to the office roof & lean on rusty pipes

I squint

NE

a hospital which is impossible to walk through from front to back
I tried to many times eight years ago, it can't be done
though I know the fastest shortcut from West L.A. to Ocean Park

Staring at warehouses
with shoes and mattresses
I realize my poverty
is not my wage
but the greenhouse
aching with blooms
which is not
next door

*I've stopped
dancing, I simply can't release
my bones into the arcs I feel,
I know I should be able to dance anywhere,
but I can't help it, a room,
four right angles, I'm always on the verge
of slamming my elbows*

& downstairs, on the job, the toe
tip of my shoe is squaring a piece of linoleum

And never before have I realized how little I hope for

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE SWAN

Crows and gulls in Ocean Park: no swans
breaking, breaking as hunger
stammers in soggy ground.

Is a dream inside your brain, rising,
falling, as wombs spill
gorged egg, rippling seed—

Is birth plunging against water, trees, and teeth
until the skeleton swan appears, dragging her raft of corpses
Upstream, through rapids to the Delta.

How far can your swan pull—
pull your
breathing?

The swan can't hear the chanting:
swa-ti-ho-ti
swa-ti-ho-ti

How bless the Swan? Who throws
their dreams to Swan
gaping at our labyrinth.

African
constellations
drowned

Where is the Swan? Over there, move the Dipper
and the Centaur's beast across the winter—
Swan, center of fire for gruntern over fires

Mother of fire for the Swimmer, the Pit, the Downwind Hunter on Horizon
only spear-point flashing in dusk, the bottom of the Waterfall,
the Seven Stars of Scent, the Beast of Sand, the Beast of Trees

O astrologers, on other stars,
is it a blessing or a curse
to be born under the sign of the earth?

THE DETAILS OF THE WORLD

Peter Kreiner

On your birthday
we didn't make love. I made you
a salad of alfalfa sprouts, orange, and carrots;
we ate on the rug. You were remembering New Haven,
April, the reservoir we got caught in
taking the films of the falls:
the officer with his fat holster,
black chino against the Sycamores.

Your eyes were cut citrus in the sun.

More and more I think of children, us as parents;
you, and actress still, commuting, your blood sluiced
to that other heartland, its rivulets and soft earth;
the cicatrice you carry on your own blue lattice;
I, a loner still, still talking of grassland, water,
a stand of timber to build a house from, once wanting
a child for all that it could teach me;
my need to understand now grown thick
like an old heart in a tree-trunk.

You were so earnest when we met, a smile
like a bare bulb in a hallway.
You used to wait for me in your doorway—
everything on the outside, all that you wanted
everywhere and nowhere,
like a smell you'd grown accustomed to.
Where we slept crepitant leaves grew quiet,
matted our shapes like keepsakes.
We woke to birdsong and the sun over lank sleeves.

Outside, in the street, eyes sway toward the beach,
the clouds are ripped batting. There is the flush of a new day,
then the details of the world like little cargos.
Inside, we bake loaves, grind our own flour, raise sprouts.
Our skin glistens. You water the plants and I feel the breath
go in and out of my belly, feel the air move past
the edge of my ear from across the room
where you are speaking.

A VISIT

Green is the color of sickness. When you
wrote of your loss suburban lawns
made you seasick, you could no longer bear
the intimations of pines. Blue,
the color of distance, the color of opacity
and stillness, was what you needed—
you were coming to see me,
to the coast. Brother,
I still remember swimming through the lake
at night, the air so black
I could not hear your breathing,
my body black, lost, filled with the taste
of warm mosses. We used to separate
everything, sets of painted soldiers,
favorite stories, a desk,
a bedroom window.

You have grown bald since I saw you.
You do improvisational dance now, listen
for the wing of energy unique to each form.
You are uneasy about the street trees,
the drying leaves, waiting like cicadas
for their season. Where you live
the taste of sulfur is already a squatter.
I tell you I know these things too.
I saw the death of a car from my window—
tires, battery, radio spirited away,
headlights removed like glass buttons.
A motorcycle driver lying at the corner,
the motor still running, waiting; his breath
oil on the road.

I tell you

I am writing, as if finding the right words
will somehow bring it all into place—as if the world
had a name. Yet there is the music: birdfeet
on the eaves, leaves brushing in a small wind.

You know your loss will pass.

On the beach, where we walk, is the delicate and thick
script of the seaweed, the membrane of debris.

If I can give you anything it will be the water
of the present, of my present, uncolored until it passes.

If we move it will no longer be a mirror.

Each drop is a world we have not yet met.

I don't know if it matters.

Opal Nations

THE ETIQUETTE OF SHAKING THE SALUTARY HAND

— for Alison Knowles

1. When hands are met it is common, according to the customs of English-speaking people, to inquire concerning health, climate, news and to possess an informed knowledge in regard to the number of fatal casualties lost in the warmest battle in current mode.
- 2 Offer the whole hand, and never present two fingers to a lady in particular.
3. Do not return a cordial greeting with a limp hand or lifeless glove.
4. Clasp the hand firmly and warmly and shake it for a period not exceeding two or three seconds. Acquire an accurate time-piece. Hours are sometimes wasted whilst one or the other of the party makes it his or her business to be the last to relinquish the grasp commonly due to enthused cordiality.
5. It is rude to grasp the hand very tightly, as if to inspect, by means of experiment, the pallor of one's partner's flesh, or to shake the arm almost off, as this could prove embarrassing.
6. It is the lady's privilege to extend the hand first, and should not on the part of the receiver be ignored, passed up, sniffed or left hanging in a raised circumstance.
7. In the house, the lady should give her hand to every guest. It should be returned without the slightest show of displeasure.
8. If all parties wear gloves, it is not necessary that each spend many hours removing them when shaking hands with a large assembly of guests scattered over a vast hall and seeming to have the glove half removed to hasten each salutation. It is a breach of etiquette to envisage large collections of people in a state of half gloved nudity.
9. Kid and other thin gloves are not expected to be removed in hand shaking, hence the expression "Excuse my glove" is quite unnecessary. When heavy gloves or those of coarse woollen material are in evidence the expression "Excuse my heavy woollen glove" is necessary, if the glove is worn, and is not removed, due to warts or cold bloodedness, when in the process of making an acquaintance.
10. Offer the right hand unless the same is engaged or wanting. Do not hesitate or forget which it is; if the left is offered apologize by saying "Excuse the left hand, my right is in my pocket"; as an extension the shaking hand is emblematic of friendliness in time of peace.

THE PONGO'S DREAM

Jose Maria Arguedas

translated by —
Victor Valle

■ *In memory of Don Santos Ccoyocossi Ccattaccamara, Commissioner of Education from the community of Umutu, province of Quipiscanchis, Cuzco. Don Santos came to Lima six times; he was able to see to it that the Minister of Education and two presidents receive him. He was monolingual Quechua. He was already more than 60 years old when he made his first trip to Lima. He would arrive in his village carrying on his back the educational materials and donations he had obtained. He died two years ago. His tender and majestic figure will continue protecting his community from the other life, and accompany those that had the good fortune of receiving his affection and the example of his tenacity and wisdom.* ■

The small man found his way to his master's house. Because he was a servant, he would fulfill his turn as *pongo*; of house-boy in the grand residence. He was small in stature and weak in spirit; physically, he was in a completely miserable and lamentable state; his clothes were old.

The great lord, the master of the hacienda, could not contain his laughter when the little man greeted him in the corridor of his home.

"Are you really a person or something else?" he asked before all the men and women that were standing there, just waiting to attend him.

"Let's see," he said, "you should at least know how to wash pots and pans, at least be able to handle a broom with those hands that seem to be nothing. Take this 'filth' with you," he ordered the foreman of the hacienda.

Kneeling before him, the *pongo* kissed his master's hands, and then, all hunched over, followed the foreman into the kitchen.

Even though this poor man was thin, even

though his build was slight, his strength was that of an ordinary man. All that they ordered him to do, he did well. But there was always a hint of terror in his face. Some of the servants would laugh to see him the way he was, others felt sorry for him. "Orphan of orphans: sons of the wind and the moon are your cold eyes; pure sorrow your heart," the mestiza cook said when she saw him.

The little man spoke with no one; he worked quietly; he ate in silence. He did whatever they ordered him to do. "Yes papacito, yes mamacita," was all he would say.

Maybe because he had a certain expression of terror in his face and because his clothes were so worn and ragged, and maybe because he didn't speak, his master felt a special contempt for this poor man. In the evening, when the other servants would come together to pray the rosary in one of the corridors of the great house, at that hour, his master would always torment the *pongo* before the rest of the servants; would shake him like a flimsy piece of hide.

He would push his head down and make him kneel, and so, when he was kneeling, he would give him soft blows in the face.

"I think you're a dog. Bark!" he'd say.

The little man couldn't bark.

The *pongo* would obey; he'd walk a little on four legs.

"Trot sideways like a dog," the great landowner continued to order.

The little man knew how to imitate the run of the small dogs from the *puna*.

His master laughed hard; his laughter would make his whole body shake.

"Come back," he shouted when his servant had trotted to the far end of the corridor.

The *pongo* would come back running sideways; he'd come back exhausted.

Meanwhile, the other servants would pray with a slow interior wind that came from deep within their hearts.

"Now put your ears back, *vizcacha*! You *vizcacha*! his master ordered to the tired little man. "Sit up on your hind legs, open your hands. Beg!"

As if he had suffered in his mother's womb the molding influence of a *vizcacha*, the *pongo* imitated exactly the figure of one of those small animals when

they stand still, as if praying upon the rocks. But he could not put his ears back.

Striking him with his boot, without kicking him too hard, his master toppled the little man upon the corridor's brick floor.

"Well, now we'll pray the Lord's Prayer," his master said to the Indians that waited in line.

The *pongo* lifted himself up slowly, but he could not pray. He could not find his place, one that corresponded to him, because in that house he did not even merit a space on which to kneel. In the evening the servants went down the corridor to the patio and then towards the hacienda's small cluster of houses.

"Go, *pancita!*" was the command his master always gave the *pongo*.

And so, every day, his master would make him roll around on the floor before the rest of the servants. He'd make him weep; feign tears; he'd subject him to the ridicule of his peers, the other *colonos*.

But... one afternoon, at the hour when the people from the whole hacienda filled the corridors to pray the Hail Mary, when their master began to look upon the *pongo* with his dense eyes, the little man spoke very clearly; but there was still an expression of fright on his face.

"Great sir, please give me your permission; dear father, I wish to speak to you," he said.

His master found it hard to believe what he had heard.

"What? Is it you that spoke or someone else?" he asked.

"With your permission, dear father, so that I may speak to you. It is you whom I wish to speak to," the *pongo* repeated.

"Speak then... if you can," his master said.

"My father, my lord, my dearest master," the little man began. "Last night I dreamt that we had died, the two of us together: together we had died."

"With me? You? Tell me more, indian," the great lord said.

"Because we were men who were dead, my lord, we appeared naked, the two of us together; naked before our Great Father San Francisco."

"And then? Tell me!" his master commanded, partly out of anger, but also because his curiosity made him anxious.

"Seeing ourselves dead and naked, our Great Father San Francisco examined us with his eyes that penetrate and measure we know not what distances. He would examine you and I, weighing, I believe, each of our hearts; who we were and what we are. Like the rich and great man that you are, you looked straight into his eyes, my lord."

"And you?"

"I cannot remember how I was, my lord. I cannot know what I am worth."

"Well then, continue!"

"Then, afterwards our great lord said with his mouth: 'Of all the angels in heaven, that the most beautiful one come forward. And with this incomparable angel, that another smaller angel accompany him, and that he also be most beautiful. That the small angel bring a cup of gold, and that the cup of gold be filled with the most pure and transparent honey.'"

"And then?" his master asked.

The Indian servants listened fearfully. Without knowing it, the *pongo* had won their complete attention.

"My lord: barely had our Great Father San Francisco given the order, than an angel appeared, shining brilliantly, as tall as the sun. He came forward until he was before our Great Father, walking slowly. Behind the greater angel, a smaller one walked; beautiful, glowing softly like the splendor of a flower. In his hands he brought the golden cup."

"And then?" his master repeated.

"Great angel, cover this gentleman with the honey from the golden cup; that your hands be like feathers when they pass over his body—and by merely saying this our Great Father had given the order. And thus, this sublime angel, gathering the honey in his hands, covered your whole body; all of you, from the top of your head to the nails of your feet. You stood up straight, alone. Your brilliance shone in heaven as if you were made of transparent gold."

"That's how it had to be," his master said. And then he asked, "What happened to you?"

"While you shined brilliantly in heaven, our Great Father San Francisco commanded again: 'Of all the angels in heaven, that the most worthless, the

most ordinary angel come forward. That this angel bring with him a gas can filled with human excrement.'

"A worthless angel, old, with scaly feet, who had barely enough strength to keep his wings in place, came before our Great Father. He was really exhausted and his wings were splattered. In his hands he carried a big can. 'Listen old man', our Great Father ordered, 'smear this little man's body all over with the excrement you brought in the can. Quickly!' Thus, with his knotted hands, the old angel took the excrement from the can and covered my body unevenly, the way you would slop mud onto an ordinary house: carelessly. And thus, I found myself in heaven embarrassed, stinking."

"That's how I thought it would be," his master affirmed. "Continue! Or is that all?"

"No my lord. When we again found ourselves together, although somehow in another way before Our Great Father San Francisco, he saw us again, looking at you and I for a long time. With his eyes that filled the heavens, penetrating their immeasurable depths, he found us, joining together the night

with the day, memory with forgetfulness. And then he said: 'All that the angels have been ordered to do is now accomplished. Now both of you lick each other, slowly, for a long time!' At that moment the old angel was rejuvenated; his wings regained their blackness, their great strength. Then Our Great Father watched over them to see that his will be done."

GLOSSARY

Pongo: In South America, an Indian servant who works as a house boy for the master of the hacienda for a period of up to one year; each farm hand taking his turn as *pongo* (job of the lowest prestige because the most menial and degrading tasks must be performed). But in Quechua, in contrast to its meaning in Spanish, *pongo* means diviner of dreams.

Cholo: An Indian who works on a hacienda and who begins to adopt more Spanish culture.

Vizcacha: A rodent in the family of the rabbit, but with short ears.

Colonos: Indians who belong to a hacienda, who are forced to work for their master and cannot leave.

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JOURNAL WRITING: Where it can go from where it is

by
Holly Prado

(PRESENTED AT THE
CONFERENCE,
"THE DIARY,
THE JOURNAL,
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY,"
February 11-13, 1977)

1 THE QUOTATION THAT SAYS IT

"Every man's intimate history is a contribution to universal history."

Anais Nin

2 THE PRECIPICE

The journal. The beginning. No one picks it up but me. Each year, a new book. This one's yellow. It comes after a darker one that had a hazy picture of a river on it—a river flowing continuously into the distance. Each year the book is right for the beginning. It isn't necessary to be true to that beginning, only to know that everything starts somewhere and it's important to have paper that I like. White pages for the days and their repetitions or surprises/ colored ones for dreams. Loose Leaf. Paste in pictures of myself from the Thrifty Drug Store fifty-cent photo booth. Punch three holes at the edge of a

letter I've written to my closest friend—for one day, it tells who I am.

Journals grow with all the metaphors of children, plants, bread rising out of yeast that takes its own responsibility the minute it touches warm water. You can't stop baking the bread once the yeast has started its work. You can't stop. I can't stop. I live alone. The journal makes its conversations. The journal rides with me in sleep, as I dream of a visionary design: pure red and black in the exact center of a sheet of white paper.

The perfection of the collected pages is that they are so much beginnings. They are not intended to pose or to stand in front of the mirror with their hair combed. The pages flow as that river—into what I can't pretend to understand at the moment. I simply write it. I keep up with it. I set it on the paper with whatever handwriting is mine for the day—scrawling or precise/ ripe or lazy.

I scatter myself, now, back through the days and pick out phrases: "I want to say something about heart—that joiner of thinking and feeling." And, "Washed and waxed the car—it's a rare treat to see the city out of clean windows: more lights than I've had in months." And, "I need some small baking dishes and a whole new world vision." There are questions, too, that I wrote not to answer but to ask: "What does a ticket get you into?" "How many of us are there?" "What things, exactly, are mysterious?" "What do I take seriously—besides everything?"

As the journal gains its own weight, I see the child's eyes—that sharp intelligence that needs my help. The bread: I want to add flour and wheat germ. Knead the dough. I begin with the beginnings and move some of them out of the journal toward my typewriter. The private and public. A secret room and the stage. My introverted woman who jumps when the phone rings, and my actress who must have performances—the risk-taker.

The risk, at first, is to even pick

up a pen and find a book of blank pages. The risk is to say it all and to see that every item, every friend, every meal, every failure, every hour is worthy. The next risk is to believe in my own gift of discrimination—some dreams, statements, descriptions, insights are more worthy than others—richer ink/ fuller intentions. I open the locked door. Some of the great moments of our lives emerge from fear.

To work on a piece of writing that starts in a journal is to work on being alive. The heightened moment holds the page and tells me what it wants to be—what can be left out, what can be pushed farther, what can be re-told in finer language. I choose the child's clothes, paying attention to the colors he or she responds to. Yes, a blue sweater for some soft words about a woman who brings me earrings for my birthday. Black patent leather shoes for a story that has to be danced, faster and faster. A broad-brimmed hat for an essay on the word "threatening".

This is not pure pleasure. The blood pumps hard and I see that I am really writing, not playing at writing. I use whatever gifts I have. I give respect to the words as I lift and shake and kiss them. I admit that what is secret and hidden is the best advice for the next generation. I rejoice in the large chance and possible mistake of making art—not art that wants to please/ not art that lulls and doesn't interfere with the conversation, but art that discovers its own form as it writes itself/ as I write it. Art that wakes us up. Art that progresses as we all progress—in leaps or in falling down/ in running or in resting with our heads panting against the largest pillow in the house.

Transforming journal writing into poems, prose-poems, fiction, essays, myth, articles, fairy tales, prayers—is the best way to keep art from festering and stinking. We all know the monotony of forms that have been taught too long in English classes. We all know the burden of writing so obscured by the desire to imitate that we

laugh at anything it tries to say. We all know mass-produced greeting cards and popular psychology—writing so thin that it would gratefully starve to death if all of us would turn from it, back to our journals, back to our blood and yeast. Can we credit ourselves with the right and responsibility of being human and artistic? Can we create from ourselves and our journals new, exciting, revelatory forms? Can we give ourselves meaning and give meaning to the precious, throbbing lives that we endure? We need the courage to share who we are and who we're becoming in the highest way we can—through our trust in our own visions—whatever those visions may be for each of us. The river doesn't end. The yellow cover of my journal this year is blatant. It will be noticed. I will be noticed. The writing that goes into it, much of it, will stay where it is. But what I choose to revise and nurture, bring forward and raise above my head—ah, the risk is the endless choice.

3 THE ARTIST (Aztec)

Read Denise Levertov's translation of "The Artist" in *Shaking the Pumpkin* (edited by Jerome Rothenberg, Doubleday & Co., 1972).

4 THE KNIFE INTO THE LOAF

I've mistrusted my devotion to craft sometimes, and have encouraged students, and myself, to write from feeling: the smallest, most ordinary, or the most profound—whatever delights or emergencies keep us truly in life. That's the stuff to turn to, turn around in, turn upside down—the stuff to write about. Then, there's a moment when it's not enough to feel. It's more than enough, but it's not enough. I want to make art. I want to pull the pot from the center of the wheel, upward. I want to combine the feeling with all the power of thought and conscious illumination that I have.

My mistrust of craft comes because I fear rigidity. I don't like wrinkles in my clothes—I iron every-

thing, even T-shirts to sleep in. I can't work at my typewriter if every plant in the house isn't watered. When I was a little girl, I'd scream for my mother to come and wash a single hair out of the bathroom sink. Something in me calls this fussy and old-maidish. I've feared that shadow—the archaic school teacher in sensible shoes—never muddled. Even when I draw, my lines curve toward each other. They carry detailed figures of geometry within them. Always, the completed circle. "So," I ask myself on my strongest days, "What's wrong with that?" The dark and the light.

I lessen my fear of polishing, molding, rubbing, smoothing as I gain respect for myself as the artisan as well as the creator. To find one perfect word is as full of inspiration, though in a different way, as to feel the first burst of an idea race from my hand to my pen. Craft is the respect for what can be made of raw material.

How does anyone find craft? Most of us know it already, somewhere in

HEY THERE HI THERE HA HA HO HO HEE & HEE

Are you a practicing artist? Painter-Poet-Potter

Filmmaker-Fiber Artist, Sculpture, Actor, Musician, Video Artist, Muralist, etc?
—or are you part of an organization trying to make life better for any or all of the above?

The Cultural News Service is an arts information and communications agency funded by the California Arts Council to spread technical assistance information useful to artists throughout California.

The information CNS deals in includes information about artists' rights, legal and tax problems facing artists, government and private funding opportunities, how to improve your ability to utilize the resources of your community to better support yourself as a practicing artist.

CNS is compiling an Artists' Registry for Visual and Non-Visual Artists: for Visual Artists the Registry is a prerequisite for participation in the Art in Public Buildings Program (\$700,000 in 1977-78 to commission visual art to be placed in state-owned buildings); for both Visual and Non-Visual Artists, the registry is an attempt to get an idea of who is out there and what you're doing, and to help in promoting communications among artists.

CNS has money available for artists and arts organizations under two programs: Response to Institutions, under which CNS will provide a consultant to a non-profit arts organization with a problem which a consultant can help solve. (For example CNS paid for a consultant who helped a group in San Diego write proposals which brought in \$800,000 worth of CETA positions to help a number of arts organizations set up a building for artists and an arts services network); and Regional Assistance, under which CNS will provide partial support for projects which benefit the arts in a given region—such as compiling a cultural resources directory, or a conference of artists to discuss mutual problems and ways of dealing with them.

CNS' monthly broadside, *State of the Arts*, Artists' Registry Forms, other CNS materials and more information are available from Beyond Baroque Foundation, 1639 W. Washington Blvd, Venice, CA 90291, (213) 392-5763. Materials are also available at the following locations:

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our ability to know the difference between melody and dissonance, and to know that both things have their value, depending on the purpose of the singer. Most of us know the shapes of words and can tell when we hear something read out loud which ones seem inevitable and which ones have the awkwardness of being out of place in the alphabet. Most of us know when we need punctuation because punctuation is how we breathe, if we'll listen. Most of us know that the page we write on is the space in which we work, and that that space can be filled, end to end, with words/ can be left nearly blank/ can be used however the writing needs silence or noise.

Most of us, when we read other people's writing, have some ideas about how the writing got done—what bores us, where we lose interest, how we are excited when each line has been made as clear and shining as possible. Most of us don't trust our discriminations—what we already have—because we consider ourselves uneducated if we don't have PhD's in English (and often if we do)/ if we haven't read every book from some book list we've been carrying in our pockets since junior high that's ten single-spaced pages of *The Classics*. We don't trust ourselves because we think that craft comes only from reading chapters with titles like "Paragraph Development" or "Outlining Made Easy". Craft is not easy and is not summed up in any of the words connected to it, such as "syntax" or "form" or "plot structure". Those are words used by people who aren't writers, usually, to decide what it is the writer has already done.

But the question of craft isn't settled simply by dependence on our own intuitions, either. Craft is power. Craft makes words ring and convince and comfort and heal. The things I say to myself when I'm hungry for new ways to think about craft are things like: Read more. Learn from writers whose work I can't put down, even when I smell something burning.

Sometimes I make lists of these writers' words, words I don't or can't use myself, but I'm interested in vocabulary as a reflection of who the writer is or how she or he makes sentences, ideas, pictures. Sometimes I read out loud to myself in the bathtub to hear the echoes of these words. The thunder of words in a small room reminds me that words, chosen by any of us as the perfect words for what we have to say, can arouse, elate, kill, soothe, inflame, seduce, explain, inflate, inspire....

I also talk to people who write. My friends. Writers are often verbal, and their eyes get very bright when you begin to mutter about ideas for writing/ for craft/ for what they're writing or reading now. One friend and I recently started with some simple question about what was Gertrude Stein's address in Paris, and, three hours later, ended the conversation with hug after hug, having fallen in love with each other and with words all over again through talking about history and meaning in literature and comparing the pulse of one poem with another, and another, and another. Look for idea junkies to find craft.

And I listen to painters—visual artists—because there is so much color and line in writing. One painter, Gene Davis, said, "I guess I like to be mystified—all clear ideas tend to be wrong." At the time I read that, I was working on some pieces of writing that wanted to mix disconnected elements—his remark helped me stay true to the pieces and to the odd form I was immersed in. And I listen to music/ to how people talk in the supermarket/ to dream language which is such a rich source of fiction for me.

I rely, too, on my own experience as a teacher and on the education that came before I began to teach. There are things to learn from classes and colleges and even from the old-maid school teacher that we all hated for her prissy objections to giggling in the back of the room. I can never deny my formal education, and can never pre-

tend that my pleasure in craft doesn't come, partly, from knowing rules/ standard English/ sentence patterns. The pleasure is in knowing them so deeply by now that I can do anything I like with them, with some security. I can give my own rough drafts to a student and answer questions about what got changed to what—and why. This deep education in language stands with me and helps me because I'm not afraid of it. I've been around it for a long time. I love it, because I can use it.

I think it takes a whole life to learn craft. I think it is not one thing. I think that it gets more and more complex as I write and want to do more in my writing. I think it's different for each of us, though everyone seems to be afraid of the commitment to craft, and oppositely, of the lack of it. Women that I work with, often, after about a year of writing, sense something going on in them that feels like fear and resistance. They reach some moment in themselves when they see that their perceptions are valuable, when they've discovered that they can write, and then they say, "I'm afraid to go back to something I've written and to work on it—to finish it."

The fear seems to be the fear of training the child, who will resent you as well as love you for the discipline. The fear is the fear of becoming too logical, too self-righteous, too business-like, too unfeeling. The fear is to take the next risk: to give the work—and oneself—dignity. Women have been told so often that if we take ourselves seriously, we're in trouble. We might threaten the neighbors because we stay up late at night, typing loudly. We might run the risk of success. We might find ourselves alone. We might, finally, have to stand up and admit that we are artists and take the consequences of that admission in a society where artists are generally unwelcome. We might have to live our own lives. We might, dear God, have to learn about craft and

completion and being public in some way and constant rejection slips and the depression that comes after a long, energetic piece of work is done. We might have to learn about ecstasy. We might have to become intimate with ourselves and with other people and with the whole world, because that's what a writer does.

I sit with my journal and its yellow cover, wondering how I got myself into all this. I'm trying to bring this page to its conclusion, and I can think only, again, of bread. Holding the loaves under my arms and walking the streets with them. Hugging the loaves in the night. Passing out slices to anyone who looks interested in caraway seeds and raisins in the same dough/ who looks interested in the struggles to rise/ who looks interested in alchemy: changing the journal to art—changing the raw to the baked. Alchemy. Jung says that if you give yourself to the laboratory only as an assistant you will never learn the mysteries of transformation. Make

your own bread, and we will eat with each other.

5 A WARNING

This is not only for women.

6 ALL OF US: A SUMMARY

Journal writing: the selfishness of finding one's own way and the craft that is infused into the intimate writing will bring about art that sings for more than the individual. I am never more understood than when I write my secrets. They are the secrets of others. They are the dreams of dark men/ the desire to give birth but not knowing what I'm pregnant with/ the yearning for a mother or father/ the curiosity about the sexual folds of my body as I touch them myself/ the anger of rejection/ the simplicity of one bulb, rising now from soil where I've planted it. It carries its bloom already, in its homely onion shape.

My Jungian analyst says that so many of us dream of shitting because we don't share enough of our shit in

the external world. We need to expose our hidden strengths and vulnerabilities. When a writer does that, that writer may repel us with what we don't want to look at, but we come back for another look. We've been broken into, and what has been stolen is, perhaps, the Puritanism with which we dress.

To write from the intimate self is to write as individually and as collectively as possible. We do have the same dreams. We do carry the constant human seeds that people have carried for thousands of years. Why do we feel we are different, bestial, inappropriate when we devote attention to our personal lives and wail that we can't write vast, all-encompassing philosophies to be published in twenty leather-bound volumes after we die? The truth is that we do write those philosophies; we do write history and immortal poetry. We write them because, if we write in an intensely honest way, with the hands of the real artist, we can write nothing else.

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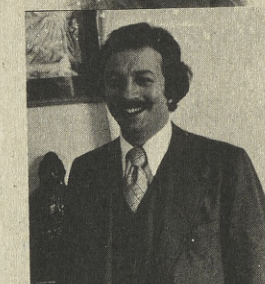
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PAY ATENTION POETICS:

an interview with

Anne Waldman,
Diane Di Prima,
Larry Fagin,
Michael Brownstein
Philip Whalen,

conducted by
Dan Barrett

Naropa Institute is located in Boulder, Colorado, and began in 1974 on the inspiration of Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, a Tibetan buddhist scholar and meditation master. The school provides programs in Buddhist Studies, Psychology, Tanka Painting, Theatre, Dance, and Poetry. The participants in the interview are faculty members of the Jack

Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics.

The following interview took place on August 18, 1976, in an apartment briefly occupied by Robert Creeley. He had intended to be there, but somehow getting drunk in the mountains with Stan Brakhage served him better. Allen Ginsberg, the co-director of the Poetics School, was also a last-minute cancellation due to his over-extending himself with student conferences. William Burroughs was keeping vigil next to his son's sick-bed, Diane DiPrima was feeling ill, and Philip Whalen was, by his own admission, peculiarly contrary-minded and exasperated. Considering the poetic ambivalence to this sort of thing in general, it's a wonder the interview happened at all.

Nevertheless, if there is one outstanding characteristic of the Naropa faculty it is persistence in being accessible, regardless of mood or temperament. Students often find this as much disturbing as affirming, but then the idea here is not entertainment; rather, pay attention to those minute particulars. **BARRETT:** Some of the poets who are here at Naropa were also participants in other poetry conferences over the past

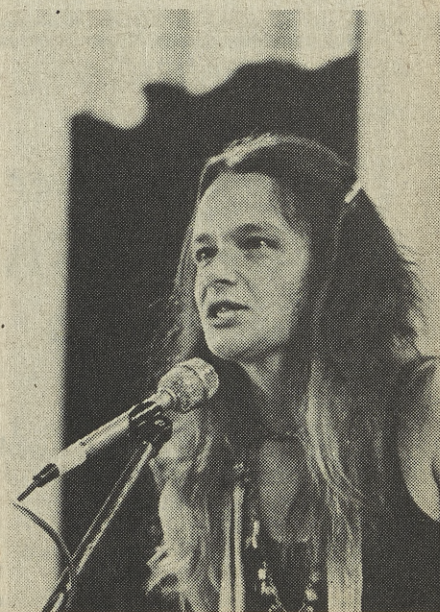
25 years, the first being Black Mountain in the early 50's, then the Vancouver conference in '65, Berkeley in '66, and now Naropa. There seems to be...

WALDMAN: What about the Poetry Project? What about our lives?

BARRETT: I'm interested in talking about how poets feel influenced by those scenes, how you relate to what appears



Philip Whalen



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You have to have started 20 years ago.
BROWNSTEIN: I don't think so.

WHALEN: The writers I know who habitually write and who have a heavy habit and who are good at it are all people with weak eyes. They've all wrecked their eyes by reading.

DI PRIMA: They also have to acquire some sense of what they're reading, some sense of language. I know people who've consumed every kind of book of poetry but don't see what tricks are being played with the language.

WALDMAN: It's also the way a person reads, the way you hear the language. Some people read books and just get plot or landscape or a certain kind of form. So it's how you do anything. I mean it's the whole point of how you live your life.

WHALEN: The thing is it's not only reading, it's re-reading.

DI PRIMA: And to love reading, to have an awareness of when you're being forced to slow your speed down by something the guy's doing, and you might not even know what it is. And then you go back and say, "Wait a minute! What did he just do?"

WHALEN: Or getting hooked on something, like candy. If you don't you're not going to acquire the ear. Like Henry James, reading every line the guy wrote and every short story and every letter and every biography of him that exists and his journals and laundry list and anything else that you can get hold of about Henry James. If you're not susceptible to that kind of thing you're not going

to acquire the ear.

FAGIN: You got to be a bit of a maniac...

WHALEN: You gotta be a nut!

DI PRIMA: In my writing classes I suggested that if students do personal writing for about 8 years they'd probably come out on the other side of it. When I said it would take 3 years before I started giving somebody real criticism of their actual words on the page, that I had to know them and their universe first before I could tell them how to cut it up or whatever, they were totally pained.

BROWNSTEIN: That's pretty generous.

DI PRIMA: I mean 3 years sounds appalling to them! Twenty years is what I think of as a good beginning, an apprenticeship, before you start knowing what you're doing.

BROWNSTEIN: Twenty years? All I'm trying to do is furnish sources of information, new kinds of writing that people aren't aware of. It's a very small thing in a certain way; it's up to the other end of the connection whether it's going to be picked up or how it's going to be made use of.

WALDMAN: Waking them up.

BARRETT: Again, isn't that where sitting meditation comes in?

BROWNSTEIN: Well, meditation doesn't have to do with improving your scope of literature.

DI PRIMA: But it does improve your attention.

BROWNSTEIN: It improves your attention, supposedly.

FAGIN: Reportedly...

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a lot of boredom in student writing. Allen doesn't tell them that. He tells them to describe what's really there, but when *he* describes what's really there he's off that mountain top and through the galaxy and back again every two lines! One time Tara (DiPrima's daughter) said that people with no imagination can only write true stories. And they have to steal their songs.

FAGIN: The writing you get is usually "about" something. And there's almost never a peanut butter sandwich.

WHALEN: There may be a peanut butter sandwich, but it's described with the same adjective anybody would use.

DI PRIMA: You can teach students to artificially inject surprise with cut-ups and so on, but it don't come from far enough to really resonate, 'cuz it don't come from how they're seeing and living.

WALDMAN: I think it has to do with sitting.

FAGIN: That's what I wanted to talk to Trungpa about. What happens to your relationship to words or your ability as an artist if you meditate as much as he says you should meditate?

WALDMAN: Philip's doing alright.

WHALEN: I don't really feel like I am. Zazen is an emptying process. You get rid of ideas and thoughts and words and pictures and don't try to hook onto anything. You just say, "Alright, that happened, what's next?" And presently, with any luck at all, things slow down to where they stop. If I were left to my own devices I'd be reading and looking at pictures and walking around town getting lots of in-put. And out of that comes the anxiety and excitement and what-not that I'd ordinarily be writing from.

FAGIN: So does zazen hurt your writing?

WHALEN: Yeah, it stops. Temporarily, anyway. It slowed down practically to a stop but now it's starting up again, whatever the direction.

FAGIN: What is the characteristic of your writing when you're under this awful influence?

WHALEN: It doesn't occur.

BROWNSTEIN: It doesn't have to be that way. Meditation is just part of the day. You have 24 hours, you know, and what you get out of that state influences the other periods in the day. But it doesn't have to stop you from writing.

FAGIN: You mean it has no qualitative

bearing on your writing?

BROWNSTEIN: It's probably different for everybody.

WALDMAN: It depends on how deep you're going.

DI PRIMA: I don't think I've ever put in as much sitting as you, Phil. For about 4 years I used to sit at least twice a day and things did slow down for a while, but when it picked up it was pure dictation.

The last time I saw Suzuki Roshi before he died we talked about this zazen business. He held up his fingers and said the composing of poetry and the emptiness of zazen were two sides of one coin. He said you have to sleep sometimes, and then he started to laugh and said that the sleep for writing poetry was zazen, that I should do zazen as if I were taking a rest. It didn't seem to him there was any conflict between the two processes.

WHALEN: I'm not saying there's any conflict. I'm just telling you what happened.

DI PRIMA: Another time Roshi said to me that if I didn't know where the writing was coming from it was good writing, and when I thought I could control my material it wasn't wrong to write that kind of stuff down either. He compared it to a friend of his who was a very fine sumi painter but also painted murals for the department stores. He said the thing was his friend knew the difference.

WHALEN: Yeah, well I'm not interested in control, I just want the material to come. Sometimes it seems like we know what we're doing. So we do it or we apply judgement after we got something on the paper. Then we can say, "the whole sentence is otiose, I can remove it". It saves the reader time and it saves you time when you have to type it and correct the proof and it's groovier that way. But I keep telling everybody, write it first. You have to have words on paper, and then you worry about the shape of it or what does it mean or what can you do with it or how long is it and so forth. That comes after you've got the *stuff* there to work with.

FAGIN: But the students do write. I mean they're not constipated or anything.

DI PRIMA: Some of them are.

FAGIN: Some of them have diarrhea too.

WHALEN: You have to acquire the chops that make it possible to see what's on the page and to hear what it is you've

got there. Partly it comes through your experience of the language, an experience which is from reading and listening and takes years to develop. Unless you're Gregory Corso or somebody like that who got born with a funny head...

FAGIN: Should there be some kind of reading program? It seems that nobody has read anything.

WHALEN: You can't do a reading program. That's the tragedy of this thing.

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DI PRIMA: It's Jack that's disembodied.
 WHALEN: Look, it was just one of those things where somebody needed a title for something before the goddamned catalogue went to press and they came up with this idiot phrase and now people take it for real!

DI PRIMA: It does make a difference because it's sloppy and we're supposed to be teaching people how to write.
 WHALEN: And the thing is somehow we're all responsible for this weird, unfortunate title being glued on. I think it's a wonderful thing we ought to work with, now that we've got it.

BARRETT: How is the student's writing?
 WHALEN: I just told this kid today maybe you need to be a painter or a plumber, anything, but you're in the wrong business. You don't have da chops to be a writer. But that's alright. Then there's some that are in between that you can give a boost to and say, yeah, go away and write something, you've got a good start, do something with it. But then the thing is they've got to do it. They have to sit down on a chair with a piece of paper and pencil and do it. I can't do that for them. And they either will or won't, that's all.

BROWNSTEIN: That's why I like lecture courses.
 WHALEN: People don't like lecture courses.

DI PRIMA: The course that worked best for me was the lecture course. We did it in my house which made them feel already like they were getting attention.

BROWNSTEIN: The novel's class I taught was just talking about books. It didn't have anything to do with reading student's writing. It was simply paying attention to the novels, and it was the most interesting class I've taught. Whatever they get out of these books affects their writing in a positive way.

DI PRIMA: I've been making them read out loud in the poetries classes. We did the entire Holy Grail poem by Spicer this morning, everybody reading a section and passing the book around. I want them to notice how much the whole thing can be annotated on the page and how much it changes with each voice when a different accent takes the thing up. But I think it takes longer than we have here. I've worked with the same 12 people for the past two and a half years and two of them started to write something interesting. I think that's very important. It took that long, and most of the time you just got to plow through their trip with them somehow. There's no time for that here.
 BROWNSTEIN: During the summer and spring we had ten-week courses instead of five, and that seemed long enough. The results that came out of it were interesting anyway.

FAGIN: Anne, you were giving assignments that were very active, like finding objects to write about. I thought that was really quite good.

WHALEN: I don't understand. Tell me about it.

WALDMAN: Everybody in the class brings in an object that was in some way connected to them, you know, some-

thing that had been in the family, a talisman, whatever. Each student tells a story connected to that object and then everybody takes notes.

FAGIN: What were some of the objects?

BROWNSTEIN: For instance, there was a kid who played in a rock 'n roll band in Georgia and he brought in a purple coat.
 WALDMAN: And the guy who worked in the Molybdenum mines. It was incredible.

He had this whole other language.
 FAGIN: Yeah, they had a guard there called "the Grape" because he was underground all the time and had a grape hue to his skin.

DI PRIMA: And then they took notes, and what did you do with them?

BROWNSTEIN: They wrote a work.

DI PRIMA: A collaborative work in the class?

BROWNSTEIN: No, they used names, descriptions, metaphors, whatever they wanted out of the material.

DI PRIMA: I do that with dreams. Everybody steals images from each other's dreams and keeps a list of them. Then we make poems out of the images.

BROWNSTEIN: Anyway, one of the main ideas behind that is you show that the raw material of writing can come from anywhere, that a certain sense of mystery can come from nowhere. Sources are 360 degrees.

DI PRIMA: There's also the depth and mythology of everybody's life. When people get into writing about the real world they think they have to describe the cafeteria room. I was trying to point out today how many time-spaces were with us right then because each person was in their own space plus whatever echoed. If people started seeing the world as multi-dimensional I think it would alleviate

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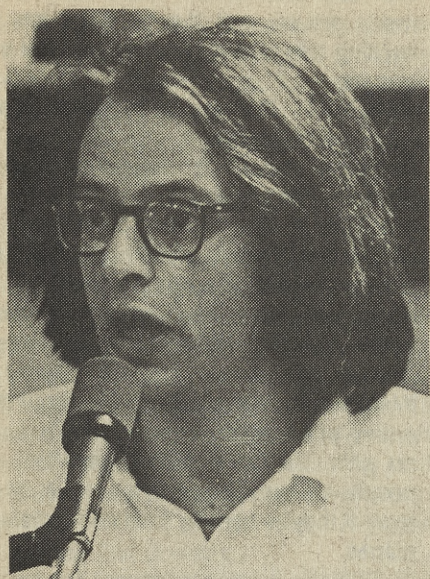
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Michael Brownstein

attached to the writing program? For instance, Phil has some different ideas about that than Allen (Ginsberg).

WALDMAN: We like to use words, like "disembodied", "spontaneous"...

BARRETT: Or "first words, best words". The way that gets interpreted generally is "first words, only words"!

DI PRIMA: No, no, it wasn't "first words", it was "first thoughts"!

WALDMAN: Actually, second thoughts.

FAGIN: Last thoughts.

WALDMAN: Thoughts you can't put into words.

DI PRIMA: No thoughts, best thoughts.

WALDMAN: Give up writing!

DI PRIMA: No, you don't have to give up writing, you can give up thoughts.

WALDMAN: I came here to learn something...

BROWNSTEIN: For me, "spontaneous poetics" is a phrase that comes from Allen and has to do with his attitudes toward poetry. The term specifically comes from a method of composition that Jack Kerouac championed, as it were, of no revision and using that pressure to write. But there are different kinds of openness, experiments with other kinds of writing that admit revision of text. WALDMAN: There's cut-up method, writing down what you overhear, dreams. I mean where's the spontaneity in the dream?

DI PRIMA: It's in the dreaming.

WALDMAN: There's all sorts of possibilities, and "spontaneous poetics", well, we aren't going to quibble about that,

Allen and I.

DI PRIMA: I think there's also the tendency to avoid what's called traditional forms, so that in that sense "spontaneous poetics" kind of distinguishes it.

WALDMAN: But also isn't Allen's the only course that's called Spontaneous Poetics? Your course is Dream Collage Workshop. So if people check it out they'll see some distinctions.

BROWNSTEIN: I found that one of the basic things that seemed to come out of the writing classes was an openness and precision to the surrounding world. People who write poems for the first time usually write thematically, or from their emotional life, or from political themes, and what we found ourselves doing was giving them exercises to make them come back down to the real world, not in some limited sense, just in the sense of sharpening perception, which really doesn't have anything to do with spontaneity but nevertheless has to do with opening up.

DI PRIMA: I think one of the good things that goes on here is that there's many techniques being explored so that people can gravitate to the methods and teachers they want to work with. I don't think there's conflicts in the students heads about one teaching method and another.

BARRETT: Questions are being asked constantly about those differences. Is form really an extension of content? Is it "spontaneous poetics" the way Allen Ginsberg means it, or Rinpoche...

WALDMAN: That's their problem. They just want attention.

BROWNSTEIN: What you do after those things are talked about is simply go back to the writing.

FAGIN: That's interesting, Anne, what you just said about them wanting attention, instead of paying attention. So it's almost working the other way, and what I try to do is reverse that flow, to get away from "self". They're sort of stuck on it, you know.

BROWNSTEIN: Are you stuck on it?

FAGIN: No, it's just an idea that sort of interests me, but it brings it back to paying attention to things outside your head and then finding out the names for those things.

BARRETT: Is that the inspiration behind the name "Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics"?

FAGIN: I don't know, it's just a name.



Diane Di Prima

DI PRIMA: What is this "disembodied" business? what does disembodied have to do with it? Who is disembodied?

WALDMAN: Embodied poetics?

BROWNSTEIN: It's just a flash, it's just one of those flashes that you have to settle on because you'd be forever trying to find the right name for something.

WALDMAN: Last summer we went to Trungpa and asked if we could change it and he said it was bad luck to change the name.

DI PRIMA: I think "disembodied" is bad luck. It makes people sick to be disembodied.

WALDMAN: Okay, let's re-christen it here and now, Diane, come on!

FAGIN: Najinski Suicide Health Club.

WALDMAN: A whole new name after Gertrude Stein.

FAGIN: The Stein Gang.

WALDMAN: Where's Philip?

WHALEN: I feel the people will learn enough about words and writing and so forth to be able to take a sentence or a title like "disembodied poetics" and know what it means, and not be misled by it. A number of people have complained about it quite as if they'd been hornswaggled out of their hard-earned money. That somehow they paid a lot of money to become "disembodied poetics" and now where is the disembodied poetics at! That's exactly what Burroughs says about the statutory rape—where's the statutory?

BROWNSTEIN: Disembodied means you can't get hold of it.

to be a tradition or lineage in contemporary poetry. Duncan, Creeley, Ginsberg, and Whalen have concerned themselves with projective verse, and these same people have convened over the years in some kind of formal way.

WALDMAN: Projective verse is great, but personally I'm interested in writing in all kinds of styles, so I can't say I'm tracing my lineage that way. I think Charles (Olson) and Creeley have done a lot of other kinds of writing—their prose writing, their essays, have had a more direct influence.

FAGIN: The thing is you seem to be asking for a line, and I thought all those lines dissolved years ago. A lot of those lines overlap. I mean it just seems to obfuscate what people are doing individually.

WALDMAN: The people you mentioned are all very different. You have to look at individual writing. There's no line that connects them except that they're all alive at the same time.

FAGIN: The occasions you mentioned

came about through several things, among which perhaps was—we keep using this word "line", I guess it's not a good word, but—among which were common sentiments.

WALDMAN: Anti-academic...

FAGIN: Sentiments covers a wider range.

WALDMAN: Experimental...

FAGIN: Again a weak term...

WALDMAN: How do you characterize this then?

FAGIN: I don't think it's the job of a poet to define himself in terms of these generations.

BARRETT: I'm not interested in fictionalizing a common ground that everyone can share, nor to deify a lineage, but to look at how poets have plugged into it all along.

DI PRIMA: Well, the only thing I see running through them is when you said "alive at the same time", is that thing of live speech in everybody's work.

WALDMAN: The work is alive, yeah.

FAGIN: There's also "pay attention" as a common point, just paying attention to particulars.

WALDMAN: Pay Attention Institute would be a great name for Naropa.

DI PRIMA: And the use of colloquial speech does happen in everybody that he mentioned, in one way or another.

WALDMAN: Rhythms of colloquial speech makes more sense to me than projective verse.

FAGIN: Projective verse is a confluence of ideas that came together in one man's mind and maybe went out to a few people—I don't know how many—but I do know it didn't go out to a lot of people too.

WALDMAN: Peanuts, anyone?

WHALEN: The idea that American poetry was invented by any group is nonsense. It just wasn't. It's always been there and it's probably going to continue

with any luck at all. There have been many groups and they've done lots of exciting things, but groupiness is not the answer.

BARRETT: That seems to happen from time to time though.

WHALEN: Sure, it happens among painters, composers...

WALDMAN: Film makers, buddhists.

DI PRIMA: There's something else happening though. There is a community of poets who know each other and share some interest in each others work. There's that.

WALDMAN: We're talking too about the nature of the poetry scene. There's really no gain, it's not a money situation, so people are very supportive of each other even if they're coming from very different places.

DI PRIMA: It isn't necessary for me to personally see certain poet friends to have a clear sense of where they're at. It's nice to run into each other physically once in a while and there are people I know I would extend myself for in any circumstance. It's not so important where and how we meet.

BARRETT: Besides getting together with friends how much does teaching motivate your presence here?

BROWNSTEIN: Anne and I were teaching winter and spring quarters and that's basically interacting with students. Poets came through sporadically.

WALDMAN: The focus is on the lectures and classes during the summer and there's something like 40 hours a week of poetics activity in addition to all the private sessions with students. I mean it's not simply hanging out, gossiping, and having dinner. The key here is the visiting poets because they represent diversity.

BARRETT: What about the handle of "spontaneous poetics" that seems to be

ZEPHYR antiques.

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BARRETT: There's a course description in the catalogue that says the idea here is to inspire meditators to poetry and poets to become...

BROWNSTEIN: Egomaniacal blabbermouths...

BARRETT: And poets to become mediators.

WALDMAN: Is that the idea? That they are contingent upon each other in some way? That you can be a good poet if you're a good meditator or something?

BARRETT: That seems to be more than an implication here at Naropa. I've not been in a class yet where there hasn't been a suggestion to meditate. We sit 5 minutes before Jerry Granelli's workshop in family music and all we're doing is clapping and counting!

WALDMAN: Well, that doesn't make you a better musician or poet necessarily.

DI PRIMA: Sitting 5 minutes before any class will make it a better class, mainly because you get the static of what went on before out of the room.

BROWNSTEIN: What you're going to get out of meditation, it's direct connection to poetry or anything else, varies with the individual. But it's an interesting and unique atmosphere in which a school takes place.

WHALEN: It's very misleading to advertise that if you want to be a writer you got to learn how to meditate!

WALDMAN: Some people come here to learn not to be writers. I get a lot of people saying, I'm glad you told us, I just want to sit now, I don't want to write.

FAGIN: People come here and learn not to be buddhists, too. But listen, if there's one thing for sure it's that the teacher has go to get some kind of fun out of this!

BARRETT: Have you had *fun* this summer, Philip?

WHALEN: Oh, yes, I like to swim. I've done lots of swimming. I enjoy it. And I like to see old friends.

FAGIN: You're kidding.

WHALEN: Yes, it's interesting but I would no classify it as *fun* by any stretch of the imagination. I don't feel especially that I deserve to have fun. I'm just going along.

DI PRIMA: No, Philip, you don't deserve it. Life is suffering!

WALDMAN: I think it's so intense that it's amazing...

DI PRIMA: When you said that to me on the phone it almost stopped me from

coming. Intensity is the last thing I was seeking! But you have to get something out of the teaching or it doesn't move at all. Teaching's gotta be whatever's moving. What's interesting to me right now is what I can teach well.

WALDMAN: You think you're a director and the students are actors?

DI PRIMA: No, I remember like when I used to do those mid-night readings back in New York. We'd always start with the Ching and then sometimes we'd read a nursery rhyme or an essay on the meaning of scorpions. Then I'd read what had turned me on during the week. That's how I get *my* fun out of teaching, communicating immediate excitement.

BARRETT: I see some limitations with all this happening within a five-week or ten-week period. For instance, Anne, there were some incredible things produced at the beginning of classes. A taste or glimmer of what was possible.

WALDMAN: Well it had to go further.

BARRETT: It was the responsibility of the individuals to do that.

WALDMAN: Some actually did.

BARRETT: And probably a lot didn't.

WALDMAN: Enough did though to let me know there was some kind of gist to it. There was some imagination involved. The trouble is it's not like an on-going school that starts in January and goes year 'round. I think the summers are a problem. Five weeks become very intense, trying to cover the stuff quickly.

BROWNSTEIN: But look at that person if he'd just stayed home! I'd say there's a difference.

WALDMAN: I think somebody'll get the point. You're lighting a fire. People are going to read Celine with Michael and then they'll go read more Celine. Having people come for longer periods of time with a less heavy schedule is one possibility.

BROWNSTEIN: I taught at the University (of Colorado). There's a difference between the students there and those here at Naropa. First of all, they're making a sacrifice to come here since it's not an accredited school and therefore mommy and daddy aren't gonna shell out the money. There's a big spread in age. Some people were straight out of high school and others already had BA's. So it went from 17 years old up into the 30's. This place draws that kind of diversity. Also, our theory of this place is that it's a kind of clearinghouse, or better, roundhouse. As the years go by, if the school survives, different people will come in. Jerome Rothenberg will come with his rattles and Indian poetry, and so on. You'll get all these different...what are they called? "Avenues of communication."

WALDMAN: Takes!

FAGIN: Vectors!

WALDMAN: That's another thing. There's no party line here. So the first day you're not going to hear there's such and such to discover. It's going to be a teacher's inspiration. That's what Gregory (Corso) was doing last summer—teaching what he knew.

BROWNSTEIN: How to steal valium.

FAGIN: Next question...

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PHILIP WHALEN is the author of many collections of poetry including *On Bear's Head*, *Scenes of Life at the Capital*, *Severance Pay* and two novels, *You Didn't Even Try* and *Imaginary Speeches for a Brazen Head*. He spent several years living and teaching English in Kyoto, Japan, and in 1972 began formal zen study and practice with Richard Baker Roshi at the San Francisco Zen Center and at Zenshinji Monastery, Tassajara Springs. He was ordained a zen buddhist monk in 1973.

JAMES WHITNEY'S films have been shown extensively throughout the world. He recently completed a new work.

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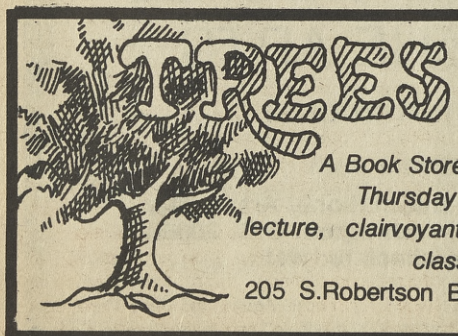
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Borsodi's Coffeehouse, 938 Embarcadero del Norte, Isla Vista. 3rd Monday each month at 8:30 p.m.

The English Dept., 5892 Hollister, Goleta. Every Thursday circa 9 p.m. Special Poetry Festival the weekend of June 4 and 5.

Rusty's Pizza Parlor, 232 W. Carillo, Santa Barbara. 1st Sunday each month at 8:30 p.m. Upstairs.

SAN DIEGO AREA:

THE FEMINIST POETRY & GRAPHICS CENTER, 2561 "B" St., San Diego, CA 92102. 714-239-3664.

Poetry as a Performing Art. June 1, 7:30 p.m. at the San Diego Library, Lecture Room, 820 "E" St., San Diego. At this event The Reader's Ensemble of The Feminist Poetry and Graphics Center presents "A Sampler of San Diego Women Poets."

WORKSHOPS

BEYOND BAROQUE: SEE CALENDAR IN THIS ISSUE FOR WORKSHOP INFORMATION OR CALL 392-5763.

INNER CITY CULTURAL CENTER, 1308 S. New Hampshire, Los Angeles, CA 90006, 213-387-1161, offers various writers workshops at various times. Call for fees, times, duration, catalogue.

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CIRCULAR LETTER, 3007 University Ave., Austin, TX 78705, a magazine of philosophy, criticism and the arts, will begin publication in June 1977. They request submissions of manuscripts, photographs, graphics, art objects, scores, etc. "Circular Letter" will be a collection rather than merely a printed magazine and can contain objects rather than only stuff that can go on a page. Regardless of whether or not you think a 'work' could be included in a 'magazine', send it to us. American

ingenuity will find a way. A particular feature of **Circular Letter** will be a running 1960's Retrospective which will contain 'works' from the Avant Garde/Rock/Drug Culture (pre-Woodstock) and works inspired either by that culture or memories/fantasies of that culture; this section is the very latest thing in nostalgia mongering..."

HARTMUS PRESS, 23 Lomita Dr., Mill Valley, CA 94941, is planning an anthology of San Francisco Bay Area women's poetry.

LIGHT, A POETRY REVIEW, Box 1105 Stuyvesant Sta., NYC, NY 10009, needs line drawings (5" x 8") and more submissions by women.

LOVE LIGHT'S, SAN FRANCISCO'S EROTIC ART NEWSPAPER, #354, 1230 Grant Ave., San Francisco, has lots of poems and drawings, but little erotica. Wants poems, drawings, compositions, fables, stories.

NEW RIVER REVIEW, Radford College Station, Radford, VA 24142, wants good fiction submissions. If they can get the stories, they plan a Southern fiction issue.

NORTHWOODS PRESS, Rt. 1, Box 359, Mt. Airy, NC 27030, wants erotic poems that are neither obscene nor sentimental; philosophical poems of more than superficial complexity; one-page (400 words) essays; one-page fictions; line-drawings; for a **Northwoods** co-op anthology entitled **Poems, Parables, and Points of View**. Deadline Oct. 15, 1977.

SEVEN STARS, Realities Library, P.O. Box 33512, San Diego, CA 92103 wants poetry. Realities Library also publishes **Poemcards** and needs short poems.

ZONEPRESS, P.O. Box 194, Bay Station, Brooklyn, NY 11235, is doing an anthology on the subway experience. "Any type of submission is suitable—artwork, sci-fi, satire, plays, songs, poems, prose, reviews, fables, etc. Moving sagas sought. Get on the right track (stories of straw seats, empty stations, wrong stops, half fare traumas...)."

LITERARY NEWS

FOLSOM PRISON CREATIVE WRITERS WORKSHOP. From a letter from John Oliver Simon, editor of *Aidebaron Review*, 2209 California, Berkeley, CA 94703. "I'm writing you about an event that closely concerns all of us. The Creative Writers Workshop at Folsom Prison, long an eloquent voice from behind the walls, has been suspended in strange circumstances, and two poet-members thrown in the hole on ostensibly unre-

lated charges.

Background: the Workshop has met weekly for 10 years, a forum for prison poets & writers and for hundreds of visiting literati. The Workshop has published five collections of writing thru small-press friends, and its members have appeared in numerous journals and anthologies.

27 Jan. 77 three poets came to Folsom to visit the Workshop. One of them, Michael Wojczuk, was accused of attempting to bring marijuana into the prison—via a teabag from the restaurant where he works which he had discarded in the guards' ashtray at the outer gate! No formal charges were pressed. It was announced that the Workshop would be indefinitely, or perhaps permanently, suspended.

The next day Pancho Aguila, chairman of the Workshop, was taken from the prison hospital where he was suffering from hepatitis and put in the hole charged with attempting to escape. Two days later, Jerry Pena was in the hole charged with possession of weapons and narcotics. These men face from 6 months to 2 years in the heaviest of our society's toms. The evidence against them has not been made public, but the synchronicity of these actions leads me to suspect the worst.

Please join me in writing to Mr. Jiro Enomoto, Director of Corrections, 714-P St., Sacramento, CA 95814, expressing your support for the concept of the Workshop and for Pancho Aguila and Jerry Pena." I suggest you send a copy of any letter to John Oliver Simon. A.D. Winans, editor of *Second Coming*, sends later information. "Pancho Aguila has been removed to Soledad where he remains in isolation-marched to the shower room in handcuffs—taken off while he is locked in then taken out of shower put back in handcuffs and taken back to isolation. Ask people to write the Governor, their state senator and dept. of corrections." The California Arts Council sent out a press release stating that Poet Max Schwartz requested Council support for reinstatement of the Writer's Workshop at Folsom Prison and introduced six poets and writers who had participated in the program in the past. Council adopted the following resolution drafted by the former chairperson, poet Gary Snyder: "The California Arts Council affirms the value of the arts in the lives and growth of people incarcerated by the state, and opposes censorship of creative work regardless of who it comes from. Thus we support the concept of the Folsom Writers Workshop and urge that it be reinstated as soon as possible. We furthermore urge the release of Pancho Aguila and Jerry Pena from the 'hole' and their return to a prison



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life in which they can exercise their creative talents."

—Alexandra Garrett

MUDBORN PRESS, 209 W. De la Guerra, Santa Barbara, CA 93101, 805-962-9996, plans a literary event in support of the recently closed Folsom Prison Creative Writing Workshop. The date is indefinite. Call or write for information, news, other get-the-word-out activities—to help.

AMBIVALENCE: THE DILEMMA OF SELF EXPRESSION; THE YES AND NO IN OURSELVES. This is a women's writing conference sponsored by the International Women's Writing Guild. It will take place at Goucher College, Baltimore, MD, July 29, 30, 31 and is open to all women whether or not they are published writers. Subjects will include women playwrights, letters and letter writing, oral history, publishing, distribution. Workshops will include short story, playwriting, and the dilemma of money. For information: Hannelore Hahn, 1628 York Ave., NYC, NY 10028. 212-RE7-7536. After the conference there will be a 5 day writing retreat. \$78 covers all expenses for the weekend (double occupancy), \$86 (single occupancy). Reg. deadline: June 15, 1977.

SMALL PRESS RACKS IN LIBRARIES. The following is a list of California libraries that have installed Small Press Racks. Everyone should encourage his/her local library to install one. (It is generally not difficult to find someone to donate the rack itself). For information on how to do this, get in touch with Paul Fericano, 1050 Magnolia, #2, Millbrae, Ca. 94030. If you wish to donate publications to the racks, send material directly to the libraries marked THE SMALL PRESS RACK. Donations already have promoted subscriptions & sales. Millbrae Library, 631 Magnolia Ave., Millbrae, Ca 94030. Burlingame Public Library, 480 Primrose Rd., Burlingame, Ca 94010. Brisbane Library, 245 Visitation Ave., Brisbane, Ca 94005. Foster City Library, 600 Foster City Blvd., Foster City, Ca 94404. Pacifica Library, Hilton at Palmetto, Pacifica, Ca 94004. Half Moon Bay Library, 620 Correas St., Half Moon Bay, Ca 94019. Woodside Library, 3140 Woodside Rd., Woodside, Ca 94061. Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda, Belmont, Ca 94002. Atherton Library, No. 2 Station Lane, Atherton, Ca 94025. Mill Valley Public Library, 375 Throckmorton Ave., Mill Valley, Ca 94941.

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KENNETH PATCHEN BIOGRAPHY. Richard G. Morgan, Dept. of English, Univ. of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM 87131, is preparing the authorized critical biography of American poet, novelist, and artist Kenneth Patchen (1911-1972), and would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who possesses or knows of letters by, to, or about Patchen, from friends or acquaintances of Patchen, and from anyone with relevant biographical information of any sort.

COSMEP PRISON PROJECT c/o The Greenfield Review, Greenfield Center, NY 12833. Editor Joseph Bruchac writes: "We are in need right now of books and magazines for the prison project. Our last mailing cleaned us out." All materials are sent to prison inmates. The Prison Project will also send a mini-library of books and magazines to anyone who might be doing workshops in prisons.

THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER CREATIVE WRITING PROGRAM is running a two-week summer workshop on the Teaching of Creative Writing, June 27-July 8, 1977. This workshop is designed for teachers of writing and is not a writers' conference in the usual sense. The teaching staff will include Doris Betts, John Ciardi, Seymour Epstein, William Peden, William Stafford, Karen Swenson, John Williams, and Lee Zacharias. Tuition cost is \$375. For information: Robert Pawlowski, Director, Workshop on the Teaching of Creative Writing, Dept. of English, Univ. of Denver, Denver, Colorado 80208.

CENTRUM, Fort Worden State Park, Port Townsend, WA 98368, is presenting a Poetry Symposium, July 11-23. The faculty includes Gary Snyder, William Pitt Root, Philip Whalen, Carolyn Kizer, Robert Hedin, Olga Broumas, Tree Swenson and Sam Hamill. There will be lectures, readings, workshops, and individual conferences. Tuition is \$130, plus \$80 room and board. \$25 deposit required, but refundable up to July 1st. Write for brochure. There will also be a Science Fiction Workshop July 25-30 with Lester Del Rey, Ben Bova, Frank

Herbert, and Jack Vance. Tuition is \$115, plus \$33 room and board on the site. \$25 deposit required, refundable up to July 1. Write for brochure.

SQUAW VALLEY COMMUNITY OF WRITERS. The Community of Writers provides a meeting place where aspiring and professional writers can discuss common problems in company with one another and in an intensive program of workshops and seminars on both the craft and art of writing. **Fiction, Non-Fiction and Poetry**, August 20-27. **Seminar on the Teaching of Creative Writing**, August 19-20. **Screenwriters and Playwrights Programs**, August 15-27. Applicants must submit a recent, unpublished manuscript. Deadline for play scripts and screenplays is May 15. Deadline for fiction, non-fiction and poetry is June 15. Write for brochure describing tuition, etc. Before Aug. 1: Squaw Valley Community of Writers,

725 Second St., #202, San Francisco, CA 94107. 415-957-9063. After Aug. 1: Squaw Valley Community of Writers, P.O. Box 2352, Olympic Valley, CA 95730. 916-583-5200.

THE DIARY, THE JOURNAL, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, a women's writing conference held in Malibu, Calif. last February, was so successful that another conference is being planned for the Fall. The many who had to be turned away for lack of space last February will have another chance. For information: Hannelore Hahn, 1628 York Ave., NYC, NY 10028. 212-737-7536. Or Lea Schweitzer, 2067 Linda Flora Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90024. 213-476-4838.

WRITING ABOUT OUR LIVES, a week-long workshop for women writers (beginning and experienced), will be held in the Santa Cruz, Calif. area July 1-7. It will be limited to 12, and if the

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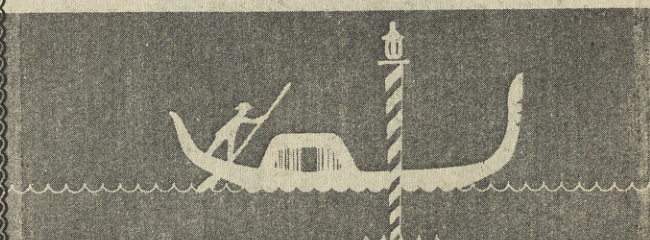


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response is great enough, there'll be a second July 8-14. Fees determined on a sliding scale. For more information write Ellen Bass, 275 Fairview Ave., Ben Lomond, CA 95005 or call 408-336-8184.

THE HAROLD MORTON LONDON TRANSLATION AWARD. The Academy of American Poets, 1078 Madison Ave., NYC, NY 10028, is a biennial award of \$1,000, open only to living poets who are citizens of the United States, for a published translation of poetry from any language into English. The translation may be a book-length poem, a collection of poems, or a verse drama, translated

into verse. Books published in the fall of 1975 are eligible for consideration. The current competition will close Jan. 1, 1978. Send books (no manuscripts) to the above address.

R.R. BOWKER COMPANY, 1180 Avenue of the Americas, NYC, NY 10036, has published the 9th edition of **LITERARY AND LIBRARY PRIZES**, which lists and describes some 367 awards, including 60 new to the current edition. It lists famous and less famous distinguished and prestigious awards, and is divided into four major sections: International Prizes, American Prizes, British Prizes, and Canadian Prizes. 544 pages. \$18.95 plus postage and shipping. NOTE: Grants and Awards Available to American Writers, P.E.N., 156 Fifth Ave., NYC, NY 10010, was, and may still be, available for \$2.00.

ARIZONA STATE POETRY SOCIETY TENTH ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST, Marybeth Martin, P.O. Box 27644, Tempe, Ariz. 85282. Small cash prizes. Nine categories. Deadline: Sept. 15, 1977. Send **SASE** for rules and categories.

ELLISTON BOOK AWARD. The first annual Elliston Book Award for the best volume of poetry published during 1976 by a small, non-profit press in the United States goes to Tess Gallagher for *Instructions to the Double*. A cash prize of \$1,000 will be divided equally between Ms. Gallagher and her publisher The Graywolf Press, Port Townsend, Washington. There were 340 books entered. There were two honorable mentions and twenty-three finalists. If interested, write for names. Address below. 1977 award: any volume of original poetry published by a small, non-profit press in the United States, and copyright during 1977, is eligible for the Elliston Book Award. Books may be submitted by either the author or the publisher, and must be postmarked between October 15, 1977, and January 15, 1978. Entries should be addressed to The Elliston Book Award, Cincinnati Poetry Review, Dept. of English, Univ. of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio 45221.

KALAKALA BOOKSTORE, 2202 N. 56th St., Seattle, WA 98103, will be opening soon and will deal exclusively in written and spoken poetry.

PILOT THEATRE FOR THE ARTS, 6600 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90038, 212-469-6600, performs contemporary poetry on their stage, "orchestrated for high-low voices, etc., presented in a dramatic way." They would like "original dramatic poems" and people who would like to audition. Performances will be announced and posters distributed.

MARO VERLAG, Bismarckst. 7 1/2,

D-8900 Augsburg 1, West Germany, a German small press, is interested in publishing books by American poets in a German edition. They can arrange translation. They have already published Bukowski and Norse. Small presses should send catalogues or lists of their publications (with descriptions, if possible), and/or other information to the above address.

REALITIES LIBRARY, P.O. Box 33512, San Diego, CA 92103, has a tape project planned for poets and songwriters. Send **SASE** for details to the above address, attention Tape Project.

AMERICAN REVIEW, published by Bantam Books, will cease publication with the release of its 26th issue in Sept., 1977. As a bi-annual publication of new writing, it is the longest-running paperback magazine in history. Founder and editor Theodore Spolatoroff says, "I feel that after ten years of publication, American Review has lost much of its editorial momentum, reaching a point where most of my ideas for the magazine have been carried out or have become dated. Moreover, it has become increasingly difficult to maintain American Review's position in the volatile paperback market place. Finally, I feel challenged by the chance to acquire and edit original books at Bantam that have grown out of or are in keeping with what American Review has been. In other words, to try to uphold the cause of new writing by other means." American Review has held a reputation for discovering previously unknown writers. American Review has been consistently a credit to the American literary scene. It will be missed.

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ACCEPTANCE, Conceptual Non-Press, Loren-Paul Caplin, 230 San Juan, Venice, CA 90291. "Looking for anything and everything of artistic expression. Body of work to be shown (displayed) publicly at galleries and readings." Send it, he'll take it.

BACHY, 11317 Santa Monica Blvd., West Los Angeles, CA 90025. #8, Autumn 1976. \$2.50 ea., no sub. price listed. Poetry, fiction, articles, graphics.

CHRYSLIS, A MAGAZINE OF WOMEN'S CULTURE, 1727 N. Spring St., Los Angeles, CA 90012. #1, 1977. \$3 ea., no sub. price listed. Poetry, fiction, articles, graphics.

CQ, P.O. Box 5369, Los Angeles, CA 90055. Autumn/Winter, 1976/77. \$2 ea., no sub. price listed. Poetry, graphics.

KALDRON, 426 Pearl, Shell Beach, CA 93449. #2, Jan. 1977. Free. Poetry, graphics.

LITTLE CAESAR, 231 W. Olive, Monrovia, CA 91016. #2, 1977. \$1.50 ea, no sub. price listed. Poetry, fiction, articles, graphics.

MARILYN, 15 W. Ninth St., Claremont, CA 91711. Autumn, 1976. \$1.95 ea, no sub. price listed. Poetry.

MOMENTUM, CCEAP, 10508 W. Pico, Los Angeles, CA 90064. #7/8, Fall 1976/Spring 1977. \$2 ea., no sub. price listed. Poetry.

NAUSEA, P.O. Box 4261, Long Beach, CA 90804. #11, 1977. \$1.50 ea. Poetry, fiction.

NEOWORLD, 1308 South New Hampshire Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90006. Vol. 3, No. 1, 1976; Vol 3, No. 2, 1977. \$1.25 ea. Poetry, articles, graphics.

PACIFIC POETRY AND FICTION REVIEW, English Office, San Diego State Univ., San Diego, CA 92182. Vol 5, 1977. No price listed. Poetry, fiction, graphics.

ROCK BOTTOM, Mudborn Press, 209 W. De La Guerra, Santa Barbara, CA 93101. #3, Spring 1977. \$1.50 ea. Poetry, fiction, graphics.

RUFUS, P.O. Box 16, Pasadena, CA 91102. #3, Fall 1976. \$2 ea. Poetry,

articles, graphics.

LO SENCILLO, P.O. Box 309, San Fernando, CA 91341. #1, 1976. \$1 ea. Fiction, graphics.

SEVEN STARS, P.O. Box 33512, San Diego, CA 92103. #27, 1977. \$1.50 ea. Poetry.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT, Mudborn Press, 209 W. De La Guerra, Santa Barbara, CA 93101. #5, 1977. Free. Poetry, fiction, articles, graphics.

WESTWIND, 112 Kerckhoff Hall, UCLA, Los Angeles, CA 90024. Fall 1976, Winter 1976/77. No price listed. Poetry, fiction, graphics.

S. CALIF. BOOKS

BOMBSHELTER PRESS, 1092 Loma Drive, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254. **Re: Visions** by Doraine Poretz. \$2.50. Poetry.

CLOWNTOWN PRESS, 30818 Cartier Dr., Palos Verdes, CA 90274. **Bongo Chalice**, an anthology of poetry and graphics. \$3.00.

CRAWL OUT YOUR WINDOW PRESS, 704 Nob Ave., Del Mar, CA 92014. **My Travels with Mao, A Joint Experience** by The San Diego Bobcats. No price listed.

THE CROSSING PRESS, Trumansburg, NY 14886. **Gauguin's Chair, Selected Poems 1967-1974**, by Robert Peters. \$4.95. Poetry.

KIPLINGER PRESS, no address listed. **Nijhonih** by Virginia Copeland. No price listed. Poetry.

MUDBORN PRESS, 209 W. De La Guerra, Santa Barbara, CA 93101. **Lemurian Rhapsodies** by John Allen Cann. \$2.00. Poetry.

OTHER VOICES PUBLISHING HOUSE, 1301 E. Bayview Ave., Tempe, AZ 85283. **The Baby Chook and Other Remnants** by Reymundo Gamboa & Ernesto Padilla. \$2.95. Poetry.

RANDEN PUBLISHING CO., P.O. Box 3157, Culver City, CA 90230. **A Night Tide** by Jon Inouye. "A science fiction experiment." \$1.95. Fiction.

REALITIES LIBRARY, P.O. Box 33512, San Diego, CA 92103. **Wordmaster** by Hans Ebner. \$2.50. Poetry. **The Braless Express** by Nancy Brizendine. \$2.50. Poetry.

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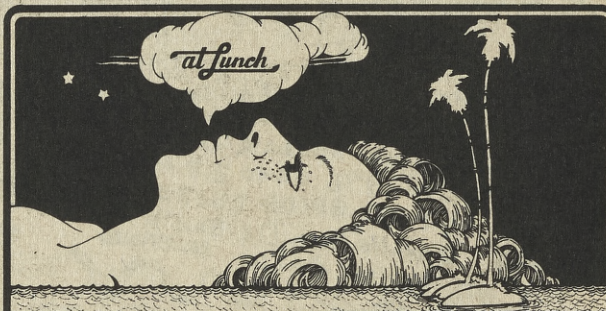
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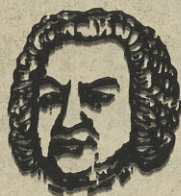
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THE RED HILL PRESS, 6 San Gabriel Dr., Fairfax, CA 94930. All orders to: Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709. **The Criminal Mentality** by Gerald Locklin. \$2.50. Poetry.

RUMBA TRAIN PRESS, 4989 12th St. SE, Salem, OR 97302. **Single Life** by Elliot Fried. \$2.50. Poetry.

RUSS HAAS PRESS, P.O. Box 4267, Long Beach, CA 90804. **Jesse Comes Back** by Clifton Snider. \$1.00. Poetry.

SY BALDWIN, no address listed. **Dark Horsehead Over L.A.** by Sy Baldwin. No price listed. Poetry.

TRIKE, P.O. Box 782, Pismo Beach, CA 93449. **Chain of Letters** by David Arnold. \$5.00. Poetry. **The Grit** by Ted Pearson. \$3.00. Poetry.

WAGON & STAR PUBLISHERS, 4032 W. Century Blvd., Inglewood, CA 90304. **Seventeen and In Between** by Florence Jean. \$2.95. Poetry.

REFERENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS

ALTERNATIVE AMERICA, A DIRECTORY OF 5000 ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE GROUPS, Edited by Richard Gardner. \$4. From Alternative America, Box 134, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Ma 02138.

ALTERNATIVE LIBRARY PUBLICATIONS, A DIRECTORY/ CATALOGUE. Free. From Sandy Berman, c/o Technical Services Division, Hennepin County Library, 7001 York Ave. South, Edina, Mn 55435. Four pages of up-to-date information.

ART & THE LAW, 36 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036. Sept/Oct 1976. No

price listed. Articles: "A publication of articles, reports, and comments on artists, their art, the law, and business in the United States today."

BOOKSWEST MAGAZINE, 2073 Outpost Dr., Hollywood, CA 90068. April 1977. \$15 for 12 issues. Articles:

CHARLES N. ARONSON, Writer-Publisher, RR1, Hundred Acres, Arcade, NY 14009. **The Writer Publisher** by Charles N. Aronson. \$4.95. Non-fiction articles. The 28 page appendix on the steps that should be taken to promote a book is available separately for \$1.00.

CODA: POETS & WRITERS NEWS-LETTER, 201 W. 54th St., New York, NY 10019. Feb/Mar 1977; April/May 1977. \$1.25. Articles: Lead article, "Literary Vouchers: Can They Work?"

A GUIDE TO INDEPENDENT FILM AND VIDEO, Edited by Hollis Melton. 1976. \$4. From Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St., NYC, NY 10012. This book represents the final issue of the excellent Bulletin For Film and Video Information.

HARVEST QUARTERLY, 907 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara, Ca 93101. #2. June-Sept. 1976. \$1.50 ea. \$5/4 issues. "Views on the Dynamics of Social Change."

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF LITTLE MAGAZINES AND SMALL PRESSES, 12th EDITION, 1976-1977. \$6.95. From Dustbooks, P.O. Box 1056, Paradise, Ca 95969. Classic and essential.

LIFELINE, 300,000 Yonge St. Cobalt, Ontario PQJ1C0, Canada. \$15/24 issues. This is a Newsletter designed to attract writers, poets, publishers and illustrators. It lists book and periodical publishers' projects.

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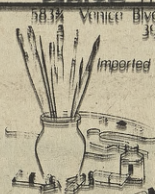
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DUSTBOOKS, P.O. Box 1056, Paradise, CA 95969. **Directory of Small Magazine/Press Editors and Publishers**, Edited by Len Fulton. Seventh Edition, 1976/77. \$4.95.

NORTHEAST RISING SUN: A SMALL PRESS REVIEW MAGAZINE 1416 Mt. Royal Ave., Baltimore, MD 21217. \$1.50. Articles.

OCULAR, 1549 Platte St., Denver, CO 80202. Dec. 1976. \$12/4 issues. "The directory of information and opportunities for the visual arts." Available only by subscription.

SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW OF BOOKS, 2140 Vallejo St., San Francisco, CA 94123. Jan/Feb 1977; March/April 1977. \$.75. Articles.

SCARECROW PRESS, P.O. Box 656, Metuchen, NJ 08840. **A Biographic Guide to the Literature of Contemporary Poetry** by Phillis Gershtator. 1970-1975. \$6.00. Non-fiction.

SIPAPU, Route 1, Box 216, Winters, CA 95694. #15, Jan., 1977. \$2/2 issues. Articles.

SMALL PRESS REVIEW, Dustbooks, Box EE, Paradise, CA 95969. #48/49, Jan/Feb 1977. \$6/12 issues. Articles.

TOM MONTAG/MARGINS, P.O. Box A, Fair Water, WI 53931. **Younger Critics of North America: Essays on Literature and the Arts**, Edited by Richard Kostelanetz. \$5.00. Non-fiction.

VENICE PEOPLE'S RAINBOW PAGES, 1976, P.O. Box 363, Venice, Ca 90291. (213) 392-3264. No price listed. A guide to survival in Venice, Calif., listing valuable information and services. A heroic labor of love, if not always accurate.

WHILE YOU'RE UP GET ME A

GRANT by Nancy Elnor, Elizabeth Katz, Martha Powers. \$1.50. From **While You're Up Get Me A Grant**, c/o Nancy Elnor, 2745 Stuart, Berkeley, Ca 94705. A comprehensive, current bibliography, listing all the basic sources that are useful for finding out about grants.

WRITERS' RESOURCES, c/o Morganson/Shatswell, 48 Kinnaird St., #3, Cambridge, MA. #5, Feb/Mar 1977. \$.50.

BOOK CLUBS

THE SMALL PRESS BOOK CLUB, P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95969. The Small Press Book Club, formerly of San Pedro, Calif., has become a part of Len Fulton's Dustbooks. Ellen Ferber will be Editor-in-Chief of the Club, and Robert Miles, the Club's founder, will be an advisor. The rules of membership will remain the same: you must buy a book every six months to receive the "Selectionlist", issued every other month. Dustbooks will maintain Miles' sense of quality and variety while expanding the range and number of small press titles featured. Publishers take note: review copies intended for consideration by the Club should be sent to the address above. These copies will be returned if accompanied by a specific request from the publisher. Selections from last Feb. are still available and include: **The Triumph of the Spider Monkey** by Joyce Carol Oates, **Beyond our Control, America in the Mid Seventies** by Tom Engelhardt, **Invisible City** Magazine, **The Argument of Innocence** by Kenneth Patchen, **From There to Here** by Frank Davey, **Blue Horses** by a. m. ingram and **Nutrition Survival Kit** by Dinaburg and Akel.

THE MYSTERY LIBRARY, Univ. of Calif., San Diego Extension, Drawer P., Del Mar, CA 92014. This is a new project of the U. C. San Diego Extension. Project Director Caleb Lewis writes, "This is an exciting venture, republishing classic tales of mystery in hardcover definitive editions. Traditionally, the genre of mystery/detective fiction has been overlooked as a major contributor to contemporary literature. This oversight is finally being corrected by The Mystery Library." Each book will contain a complete and authoritative version of the original text, plus a new introduction by an acknowledged expert on the book, the author, and the author's works. Those who enroll receive Arthur Upfield's **The New Shoe** for \$5.95. The usual commercial book club arrangements apply. Write for brochure.

BOOK FAIRS

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION (ABA), 800 Second Ave., NYC, NY 10017, 212-867-9060, is holding its convention in **San Francisco** this year, May 28-31, with exhibits in Brooks Hall and Civic Auditorium. The Trade Exhibit will feature a small press area for the first time. Tables have been made available to small presses at a reduced rate.

BOOKSWEST '77, 2073 Outpost Dr., Hollywood, CA 90068, 213-874-0830, is slated for September 23-25, at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

THE NEW YORK BOOK FAIR '77, 321 W. 94th St., NYC, NY 10025, 212-749-5906, is scheduled for the weekend of Oct. 1st. No location yet.

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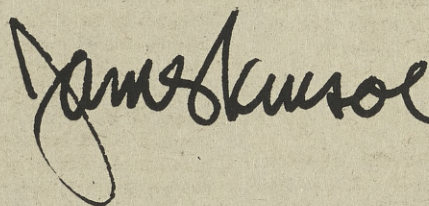
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A personal note...

This issue of **New Magazine** marks its fourth appearance and my last as its editor. I have always believed that a magazine which addresses itself to a general audience need not compromise in the quality of its material or resign itself to being unintelligible. Although **New** remains primarily a literary magazine, with writing and articles about writing, we will continue to investigate other subjects of interest to creative artists, and, we hope, to those working in other disciplines. I would like to thank everyone who aided, abetted and encouraged me these past months, most especially George Drury Smith, **New's** publisher. I look forward to seeing **New** continue and progress under its next editor, Peter Kreiner.

Warmest thanks,



James Krusoe

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